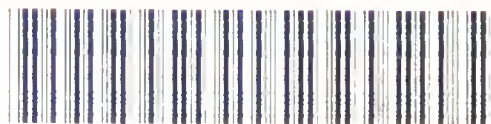




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Missionary Martyr of Delhi.

A MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN MACKAY,

BAPTIST MISSIONARY,

WHO WAS KILLED AT DELHI, MAY, 1857.

BY JAMES CULROSS, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "LAZARUS REVIVED."

LONDON:

J. HEATON & SON, 21, WARWICK LANE,
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1860.



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PREFACE.

THOSE who knew Mr. Mackay the best agree in testifying that they have seldom seen in any one a finer combination of intelligence, modesty, and worth. Unfortunately, the materials for a memoir of him are unusually scanty. I have done little more than put together the particulars which others have furnished respecting him. I beg to return special thanks to an early friend of his, whom I am not at liberty to name, the continuity of whose Recollections I regret to have disturbed; and to the Rev. Samuel G. Green, B.A., the Classical Tutor at Horton College. Some may think the great word *Martyr* not strictly applicable to him, because it was not as a Christian that he lost his life. Without entering into any question how far the outbreak in

which he fell may have arisen from hatred of the Name of Christ, I have ventured to apply the word to him on the ground that loyalty to Christ brought him within the circle of danger. We do not hesitate to call one a *martyr of science* whose scientific ardour or adventure has procured his death: and one who, counting not his life dear unto himself, meets death in fulfilling Christ's service, has surely as good a right to be called a *martyr of Christ*. There is a deep and evident difference between being within the circle of danger in pursuit of wealth or distinction, or any object of personal ambition, and being there for the Gospel's sake. As for any discrimination on the part of Mr. Mackay's murderers, he was but as one of those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell: as for his whole purpose and spirit, he lived and died one of Christ's witnesses.

J. C.

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THE
MISSIONARY MARTYR
OF
DELHI.

I.—EARLY DAYS.

ON the north-eastern verge of the county of Fife, on a wide bay of the German Ocean, stands the ancient city of St. Andrews. The country immediately behind is tame, but the grey coast-line is bold and fine, and the city itself at once venerable and picturesque. One can scarcely walk through its streets, with their air of old magnificence, and buildings that connect the nineteenth century with all the ages of Scottish history back to that of St. Regulus, without receiving solemn impressions. After being long the ecclesiastical capital of the kingdom, it sank into a state of very deep decay. The population dwindled down to little more than two thousand, and

the touch of poverty was everywhere. Of late years it has greatly revived, and is now the very ideal of a seat of learning. It is fenced off quite from the loud, working world. The railway pauses at a respectful distance; only now and then does a small vessel enter the harbour; the sound of machinery is unheard, except the scream of a solitary saw-mill; the rush and roar of commerce are unknown; and an air of monastic quiet broods over the whole place. Thirty years ago it was "a paradox of splendour and desolation:" broad, grass-grown streets; old edifices, grey, weather-stained, beautiful in their age; groups of red-gowned students; outside stairs, with shaky, wooden hand-railings; uncouth old houses, here and there thrusting their ungraceful gables halfway across the streets; the ground where George Wishart stood at his stake, and the castle from whose window Cardinal Beaton reclining on velvet cushions, with his proud, cruel face, looked upon the martyr's agony; the tombstone of Samuel Rutherford, and

the marble monument of Archbishop Sharpe; a beam from the wreck of the Spanish Armada over a gateway, and the sycamore which was the only tree Dr. Johnson could discover in the county older than himself; ancient colleges, and modern schools into which the latest novelties in education were imported; the cave

“Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sang to the billows’ sound;”

the lofty tower and chapel of St. Regulus, where Christian worship was celebrated ere the shadow of Popery fell on the land; the ruins of the old cathedral, in which three centuries of men had kneeled; a pulpit from which John Knox preached the doctrines of the Reformation; and the huge, ungainly, modern “kirk.”

In this venerable city JOHN MACKAY was born, on the 19th of March, 1825. His parents, who still survive, belonged to the working classes, from whose ranks so many of the distinguished men of Scotland have

risen. His early years were much like those of other children, with the usual proportion of smiles and tears; and, on the whole, sped very radiantly away. The care and kindness of his father's house formed a soil in which his home affections rooted themselves early and deeply. None of his childish sayings have been preserved by his parents. Though a clever child, he does not seem to have displayed anything of that precocity which is oftener the sign of disease than of genius, or even of intellectual activity. From his earliest years he was quiet, shy, thoughtful, affectionate, dutiful to his parents, and truthful. He would amuse himself for hours writing or drawing, in his own rude fashion, on a flagstone floor with a bit of charcoal, absorbed in the employment; as, many years after, he would linger at a book-stall in the street till his pocket handkerchief was stolen, or till he had missed the train that was to convey him to a distance. He would frequently stand beside other children playing, and watch them, and take a sort of philo-

sophic interest in their games, without caring to play himself. The only amusements he ever seemed really fond of were fishing and golfing, in neither of which did he ever become a proficient. Once, when fishing at the Witch Lake, he fell into the sea, and would have been drowned, but for a student, who leaped in and saved him at the risk of his own life.

He received a good English education in the Madras College, an Institution founded and munificently endowed by Dr. Bell, a native of St. Andrews, and which had already attracted a large number of pupils. He liked his books and his teachers, and, when leaving, carried off the highest prizes in all his classes.

Throughout his school-boy days, and those that bordered on them, there seems to have been a good deal of quiet romance about him. He had all a boy's boundless faculty of wondering. Music, for which he had a good ear, and flowers, delighted him. He was fond of visiting romantic, interesting, or

distant places. He took a pleasure, rarely felt in the earlier years, in all the common sights immediately around him day after day. To roam along the beach, and look out upon the white-sailed ships far away, to mark "how sunlight or shade lay on the coast of Angus," or catch the Bell Rock Lighthouse "gleaming in the distant horizon," to sit on a cliff, and listen to the dash of the waves on the rocky shore, to wander "in the Haugh, and scent the sweet hawthorn blossom," or to stand beneath "the silence that is in the starry sky," had a charm for him above all boyish sports. He recalls, many years after, the exquisite pleasure he used to feel on an annual holiday in early summer, in walking out along with his brother, sister, and parents, "in the early morning, when the hawthorn was in full blossom, the dew sparkling upon the grass and green corn, and the birds filling the air with their delightful melody." Like one enchanted, too, he found his way into the world opened up by books—a world that to him was wondrous, and in which every finer

sense of his soul found the keenest delight. His pocket money, instead of being spent on sweetmeats or toys, was carefully saved for the purchase of books. Among his boyish favourites, most of them his own purchases or school-prizes, were "The Lady of the Lake," a translation of "The Iliad," a translation of Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," "Paradise Lost," Benjamin Franklin's Works, some volumes of "The Spectator," and some books of Voyages and Travels.

After leaving school he spent several years at home with his father, as a weaver. The love of books and of knowledge grew with his growth, nursed probably by the very atmosphere of the place; for to the mind of ingenuous youth there is something almost inspiring in the air and associations of a university city; "the very air had a smell of study." He does not seem to have thought of weaving as more than the temporary employment of a year or two. Some time in the course of these years he was smitten with the wish to become a sailor. It was partly

the spirit of romance, kindled by reading, and partly that the sea, that enchantress of the young imagination, with the sweet laughter of her waves and the whitening storm, was ever in his sight, and speaking to him. There were two tendencies in his mind, one toward quietness and study, the other toward activity and adventure; and the beam, which hitherto had been pretty evenly adjusted, now inclined strongly on the side of adventure. Instead of running off to sea, as many boys of his age would have done, he set himself to study navigation, and to prepare himself for doing his duties well. For he seems from his boyhood to have had the idea that if one is to be nothing more than a village tinker, he should try to be the best tinker in the village. Gradually, however, the wish to be a sailor subsided, and his mind became occupied with other things.

II.—LIFE AS A STONEMASON.

The wish to attend college, to become a scholar, to quench his thirst for knowledge, next took possession of him. His spirit was too manly and independent to let him be a burden to his parents, or to admit of his soliciting assistance from any quarter; and he resolved to hew out his own way. His views on this point never altered; years after, knowing the severity of the struggle, he deliberately preferred the course he had pursued to that of young men with all the advantages their fathers' wealth gave them. Accordingly, of his own choice, he was apprenticed to Mr. Kennedy, builder, St. Andrews, for whom he cherished a warm liking to the last, as a kind master. The advantage was, that he could work all summer at his trade, and attend college during the winter. He was not very well adapted for the rough, hard life in which he embarked, nor did he look to be of the stuff

that masons are made of. A slender, ruddy boy, with auburn hair and dark brown eyes, quiet, gentle, and intelligent, "silent when glad," with just a shade of pensiveness in his look, his arm and hand liker those of a lady than of a stonemason. But he liked his employment very much, "took to it," and became a cunning user of his chisel. His work was tasteful and well executed. He was no dreamer or idler, but wrought with hearty goodwill, as he did everything; and had ever the pride of *being*, rather than *seeming to be*. His disposition made him generally liked. "Never," says a person who knew him then, "did he utter an unkind word, or indulge in envious or depreciating remarks." Though quiet and gentle, he was no coward; on the contrary, gallant and rather lion-hearted; could bear a disappointment bravely; could stand his ground without shrinking or shame against laughter and sneers, as well as see through a sophistical argument; and preserved a sensitive moral delicacy which no influences seemed to ruden. While working

in a squad of forty or fifty men and boys, at the last wing of the United College, within which he sat as a student a few years after, he gained the friendship, which he retained through life, of a young fellow-workman, some years his junior, now rising into distinction at the bar, and known among literary men. They "drew to one another" by a sort of instinctive sympathy. This early friend of Mr. Mackay says: "There were twelve or more young men in the same position as he and myself at that building (all now scattered), and twice as many journeymen, perhaps; upon the whole, a very rough, drunken, and unintellectual set of men. With the exception of Mackay, not one of them that I remember cared to talk about a book, or anything of that sort, though there was an abundance of shrewdness among them, and an amusing fertility in practical jokes and coarse wit. Mackay, having no blackguard faculty, was generally reckoned soft; and I am afraid I lay under the same imputation. Having come from the country,

I was obliged to fight eight or more pitched battles before I could reduce my town comrades to civility : but Mackay quarrelled with no human creature ; and there was something in his quiet gentleness that secured him from being made the subject of pranks. We were often together, and at meal-hours used to talk about many things. When at school, I had been flattered with the prospect of being a scholar, but poverty had made me hopeless. Still I found pleasure in books, and in Mackay's company more than any one I had ever met. To me his knowledge was wonderful : he spent his leisure hours at Latin and Greek. I regarded him with a sort of veneration then, which has always continued, though its character has altered."

All the time that he was learning his trade, he was busy informing his mind. Coming home after his ten hours' hard work, he would get washed and dressed, and have tea or supper ; and the rest of the evening, often deep on into the night, was given to his beloved books. He devoured everything

that fell in his way, excepting works of fiction, which he avoided from principle, and lest his time should be lost for the acquisition of substantial knowledge, not from any deficiency of the imaginative faculty, which, indeed, is as essential to him who would understand as to him who would teach truth; for, to use only reason without imagination is very much as if one should look into a stereoscope with one eye shut. The love of knowledge was a passion with him. "I had no other object in view while studying," he writes afterwards, referring to these years, "than the pleasure I derived from it. It was to me the *summum bonum* of life; for my mind was not then under the influence of divine truth." Dr. Livingstone's device was by no means an original one—to find a place for his book on the machinery of the mill where he wrought, "glancing off sentence after sentence as he passed to and fro to unloop or break the spinning threads." But no such device was possible to John Mackay. It was necessary to borrow time from his hours of relaxation

and repose. Sometimes his mother awoke far on in the night, and found him still at his studies, or asleep by the fire with a book in his hand. One evening his father, whose kindness and indulgence were very great, gave him a severe reprimand for the injury he was doing to his health by such habits, which he heard without uttering a word; but he left St. Andrews next morning, instead of returning to his work. For some days no trace of him could be discovered. At length a letter came from him expressing deep regret for the grief he had caused his parents, but saying that he could not remain at home if books were to be forbidden him, as they were entwined with his very life. His parents brought him home, and granted him every reasonable indulgence; and his studies again went quietly and regularly on, with somewhat of an improvement in his habits. Without justifying or excusing his neglect of the laws of health, which are as truly laws of God as the Ten Commandments, he was undoubtedly pursuing the course fitted to

elevate him. Few men are born great; few have greatness thrust upon them; the majority have to achieve their greatness by dint of hard, brave, patient toil. It is easy, by reading magazines and attending popular lectures, to get a smattering of knowledge, so as to talk glibly on many subjects; easy to acquire that habit which so puffs up many silly young men with a conceit of their own great cleverness, the habit of fault-finding and interminable objecting. But ask those who are mentally the wealthiest how they came into their heritage, and they will probably take you back to some little room or garret where night after night they trimmed their lamp, while others slept, and lonely and unaided fought with difficulties and conquered. In this way, without foreign aid, snatching scanty leisure from toil, he taught himself to read Virgil and Cicero with tolerable ease, and the Greek Testament with a little difficulty; acquiring also a considerable amount of general knowledge, besides some acquaintance with the French, German, and

Italian languages. Indicating the direction of his taste, I find among the books he purchased and read with pleasure during his apprenticeship, Chambers' "Cyclopædia of English Literature," then issuing in weekly numbers, Thomson's "Seasons," and Cowper's "Task."

This period of his life seems to have been upon the whole wonderfully happy. He was, indeed, as yet destitute of that which assuages all grief, softens all toil, sweetens all enjoyment, and gives to our scantiest cup of comfort a celestial flavour—peace with God. But his home was a happy one; he liked his work; his lighter hours were full of "vernal fancies;" his studies were an intense delight to him; and he had begun to taste the "wine of life" in having a friend. The recollection of these years, even in his Indian home, where he almost "learned to love the music of strange tongues," and found a sphere of labour congenial to his whole nature, haunted him like a sweet dream, "awakened every tender sympathy," and "diffused a sacred balm over every feeling."

After working for Mr. Kennedy some years, but before the usual term of apprenticeship was expired, he left without asking his employer's leave, and went to Glasgow. He soon regretted the manner of leaving, counting it dishonourable; though, from all I can learn, he violated no promise nor legal obligation. There had been no indenture in the case, nor any engagement which the master might not have terminated at a week's notice by saying that his services were no longer required. "We were a sort of apprentices," says Mr. Mackay's friend, who bore him company in deserting, "to Mr. Kennedy; I say, a sort of apprentices, because, while we were in fact learners of the mason business, we were not indentured, and, indeed, under no obligation of any sort, either by promise or by law, except what applies to ordinary workmen. 'Come on Monday morning, and we'll try you,' was Mr. Kennedy's invitation to me to enter his service; and I do not know anything to lead me to suppose that Mackay's was different. We both made short work

of our 'apprenticeship;' in fact, if it was an apprenticeship, we both walked off deliberately, or 'ran away,' as the phrase was. For my share I never could discover any moral wrong in quitting that service. When in it we worked for three times the wages we got, at least. I had four-and-sixpence a-week when I left, and Mackay a shilling more. I received a guinea a-week from the next master I went to, and he twenty-four shillings a-week. I have been sorry sometimes for disappointing our kind master, Mr. Kennedy, and I shall never cease to honour him and think of him with gratitude; but it was too great a stretch of self-denial for lads in their teens to work for starvation wages when they could easily and legally obtain the affluence (to them) of a guinea a-week and upwards. I may here state my conviction that long apprenticeships are a curse. The young man learns to idle, and too often falls into immoral courses and he believes that there is no hurry about his learning to work, as there is, to his mind, no necessity to learn.

In fact, between an unjust desire on the part of the master to have the learner work for nothing, and a natural disposition on the part of the learner to give as little work as possible for the least possible wages, the apprentice's time is lost, and worse than lost. I expect that apprenticeships will very soon be classed with the guilds and corporations of a past age: the wisest masters have abolished them already." The step had been preceded by an approach to levity, under the influence of some of his companions, which he himself greatly exaggerated. In a letter to his parents, written some time after reaching Glasgow, he expresses the "poignant regret" he felt at leaving St. Andrews in the manner he did:—

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

"I cannot think but with the deepest grief of the pain which I sometimes caused you to feel by my conduct before I left St. Andrews—conduct which had no sympathy within my breast; but I suffered

myself, I know not why, to be floated down the stream along with the rest of my companions, while I reproached myself all the time. I never felt any pleasure in deeds of misconduct, and this I always considered as the safeguard of my virtue: for we can never be addicted to those things for which we have no relish. I hope, by the blessing of Divine Providence, to keep myself free from the contagion of evil habits and example. I feel myself quite comfortable in Glasgow; but I have always one reflection which mars my happiness in no inconsiderable degree: that is, that I left St. Andrews so dishonourably. I have felt this drawback upon my felicity sometimes so keenly that I thought if I could have returned to St. Andrews again without loss of dignity, and without wounding the pride of a proud soul, I would almost have returned and served out my time."

Immediately after getting employment at a steady job in Glasgow, he sends for his Cicero and Virgil, and Greek books, and his

studies proceed as in St. Andrews. He has seen a good many of the wonderful sights of the city, and his eyes are never shut while he passes through the streets; but he has no time nor inclination for the follies of some of his companions, and is not happy unless his evenings are spent as at home. In the regularity and frequency, as well as in the tone, of his correspondence with his parents during his residence in Glasgow, there is evidence of fine and deep home-affection.

“ Glasgow, June 19th, 1846.

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

“ In the wide stage of this world, where each is too busy and too much taken up with himself to think of the affairs of others, there are, at least, two breasts to which I can confidently appeal in all my joys and in all my griefs; two hearts to which I can communicate all my feelings, knowing that they will meet with the warmest sympathy; hearts that can rejoice with me in prosperity, and mourn with me

in adversity. I do not know what changes may have taken place in you and in the friends I left behind me, but as for me, I am still the same; nay, my affection for all whom I loved in St. Andrews grows stronger every day; and, truly, of all the cities and pretty places I have visited, and all those new friends I have gained, I may say I *like* them all, but I *love* St. Andrews. You must not infer from what I am saying, that I feel myself unhappy in my present situation. 'Tis quite the contrary: I am perfectly happy and comfortable where I am; but ever, when a burst of joy or sorrow comes over my mind, I think of *home*, which never fails to diminish my sorrow, while it sweetens my joy.

“Dear father and mother, now that my mind is in a somewhat musing mood, I am tempted to recount some of those trifling incidents which have occurred to me since I left St. Andrews. You must know, then, that in all my travels I have travelled alone: and thus, though wanting the cheer-

fulness of a companion, my mind was more actively employed than it would otherwise have been. Well do I recollect the morning I left St. Andrews. 'Twas the most eventful in my whole life. I felt I was about to enter into the world for the first time; and you may be sure, my mind the whole way between St. Andrews and Crail was actively employed, now reflecting upon the past, and now anticipating the future; and many a wandering fancy flitted through. I had intended to take a parting look at St. Andrews when I had gained the top of St. Nicholas brae, but my mind at the moment was so absorbed in some reverie that I passed the height before I was aware; so I did not take farewell of the old city. That morning before I left, the weather was somewhat threatening; and even after I had set out on my journey, it got very drizzling and wet, and the clouds began to blacken, so I thought it was fairly in for a rainy day. By degrees, however, the thickness began to dispel, and the clouds to part, till I was

cheered now and then with a blink of the sun. I could not help applying it to my own case at the moment. I was just setting out on my journey through life, while all around appeared dark and uncertain; but I fondly hoped, as I proceeded on my way, brighter prospects would open to my view. Many and various were the thoughts that occupied my mind during the two or three hours I was on the road to Crail. Sometimes I thought of the past and of the friends I had left behind me, some, perhaps, never to meet again; but mostly I thought of the future, and my future destiny; and sometimes would appropriate to myself the lines of Milton—

‘The world was all before them where to choose
A place of rest, and Providence their guide.’

At length I arrived at Crail; and, after waiting about two hours, I was once more on board the boat in full sail for Edinburgh. In other circumstances I should have enjoyed the sail up the Forth very much; for

the sun was shining, and the villages and adjoining country, as we sailed up the river, appeared very pleasant: but my mind was too gravely occupied to enjoy the beauties of nature; and even Leith and Edinburgh, when they came into view, engaged very little of my attention."

"Glasgow, Sept. 13th, 1846.

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

"W—— went to Fife yesterday, so I feel myself alone and solitary, but, thanks to Heaven, not unhappy; for I always esteem these lonely moments the most precious of my existence. Oh, what is there in the most boisterous mirth and jollity that can once be compared with those moments of heart-thrilling delight, when the mind, released from the cares of daily life, and forgetting all its bustle and strife, its envy and its scorn, pictures forth scenes of happiness and peace, of beauty and love, of grace and tenderness, and loses

itself amid the luxuriance of its own imaginations ! I often wish I had those moments back again, when I used to appear lonely and sad, and when you thought me unhappy. *Then* I enjoyed the most exquisite pleasure. You cannot wonder, then, that I cannot enjoy myself in the company of those whose maxim is, '*Never elevate your thoughts above the present moment: neither reflect upon the past, nor think of the future; but enjoy the present moment.*' This is the feeling of those with whom I must every day associate; men who will boast of their extravagance and dissipation, and who feel proud of their own ignorance. Can you wonder that I have no pleasure in the company of such men, where virtue is laughed out of countenance, and where you must disguise yourself and appear as a hypocrite—*not* a hypocrite who wishes to be thought better, but one who wishes to appear worse, than he really is? You must appear 'like a lawyer,' that is, a clever rogue, or you are counted one of no standing in their society.

They are ashamed to boast of no piece of villany, provided they come off triumphant. This is no very flattering description, and yet not far from the truth. There are many exceptions ; many individuals of good disposition among us ; but they are so contaminated and overborne by the rest, that, like myself, they are ashamed to let it be known that they have feelings so tender as to be moved by a base action. Thus their minds become gradually hardened ; for the mind is more eager to listen to what is evil than to what is good. You see, I have begun to moralise again. But I cannot help speaking what I think. I know you will be ready to advise me to choose companions of sober and virtuous habits, and suited to my own feelings and inclinations ; but this is no very easy task. For often when I find them similar in one respect, I find them as dissimilar in other respects as can be. Sometimes I find one's good moral character proceeding from his insignificance, or a certain dulness of parts

which renders him scarcely susceptible either of high or of low feelings. Such individuals are mere ciphers in society ; and, although old wives may call them *canny, quiet, sober loons*, they will never gain the respect of their companions, but will be always taken advantage of. With such individuals I can have no friendship, nor with any whose virtue does not proceed from intelligence ; and this I find is somewhat rare among masons in general."

At the close of a long letter, detailing his experiences while "on the tramp," and opening up a phase of student-life not very familiar to those young men who have every advantage of books and leisure, and, perhaps, private tutor to boot, he says :—

"Believe me, dear parents, the thought of you has an influence over my feelings and conduct, which is rather strengthened than diminished by the distance that lies between us. And though placed in the midst of

strangers, and those sometimes the most reckless of men, when I think of *you*, I would not for a moment be guilty of what would be unworthy of your son. Farewell for the present ; and may peace and happiness ever reign in that domestic circle where I spent the sweetest moments of my life, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate son."

He left Glasgow in the beginning of 1847, and, after paying a short visit home, proceeded to Edinburgh to work at the Free Church College, then in course of erection. Here he was employed about twenty months, "cutting at those deadly stones which kill, by pulmonary disease induced by their dust, all hewers in a few years,—eight or ten on an average." After being here a short time, the tone of his letters underwent a great change, corresponding to a profound and happy change that had passed within his own bosom. His correspondence had always breathed of home affection and virtue ; but now a new

element made its appearance. He had passed consciously into the enjoyment of peace with God ; felt himself standing beneath the awful yet joyful shadow of the Cross ; and the Shining Ones visited him as they did Christian in the " Pilgrim's Progress." It is unfortunate that these letters are not in existence, for they were among the finest he ever wrote, fragrant with sweet feeling and earnest piety ; but it would appear that he had got hold of them when on a visit home and destroyed them. This renders it the more difficult to trace his religious history. From his earliest years he had been thoughtful and well-behaved. He had never been enticed to join the reckless or the vicious in their evil courses. Though his parents were members of the Established Church, he had from his boyhood, and of his own choice, attended the ministry of the United Secession Church, and afterwards of the Free Church, searching, as it would seem, for something in which he might find satisfaction for the

deep craving of his heart. It was in a Sabbath morning class, connected with the Madras College, that he received his first distinct religious impressions. Besides the home influences by which he was surrounded, was the influence of an intelligent and pious uncle, who died young, with whom he used to spend the evenings of the Lord's-day. Part of their employment then was to read together such books as "Dodridge's Rise and Progress," "Baxter's Saints' Rest," and "Rutherford's Letters." For many years his mind was distracted between hope and fear. There was no one to whom he felt he could reveal his mental conflicts, or to whom he could apply for advice. At one time he would fancy himself a Christian, and, by-and-by, all his peace would vanish; he would feel that he still carried on his shoulders a black shadowy burden of which he could not get rid; and then when he thought upon the future, his heart would sink down and down towards fathomless abysses. One who knew him well states

that he does not think Mr. Mackay could have pointed out the precise time of his conversion, or even traced very certainly the general course by which he had been led ; and adds : — “ God-taught he undoubtedly was, but in that gradual manner which few understand who write biographies.” From all I have been able to gather, this is true. But it was during his residence in Edinburgh that he seems, as for the first time, to have yielded his whole soul to the Redeemer, and to have entered into the enjoyment of settled peace with God ; his heart rejoicing in the divine mercy, and his understanding opening to divine truth. The unexpected death of his brother, occurring about the same time, helped greatly to deepen his religious life. Henceforward, as a ship whose sails are filled with the breath of heaven, his soul moved heavenward. His own account of the change is this :—

“ From the time that I attended Sabbath-school, to my residence in Edinburgh, I had

occasionally been under deep religious impressions; but these speedily subsided, and I was the more easily enabled to pacify my conscience, and sometimes even to persuade myself that I had found peace with God, that my life was free from immorality, and I was even considered by my fellow workmen as somewhat of a religious turn. But about this time (the beginning of his residence in Edinburgh) I began gradually to give way to company; everything of a religious nature now vanished from my mind; and even my studies, in which I had formerly so much delighted, began to be neglected, and resumed by fits and starts. At last my conscience became thoroughly alarmed. I found enough in my character to prove that I could not be a follower of Christ, and that, if I continued in the course I was then pursuing, I must inevitably be eternally ruined. Through the grace of God I was, at length, enabled to extricate myself from the dangerous company in which I had

become entangled, and, I trust, to enter upon a new life."

About the same time he became convinced that infant baptism has no foundation except in tradition, church authority, and custom ; and that it was his duty, according to the law of the New Testament, to be baptized on a profession of his own faith. Having embraced these views, he became a member of the church meeting in Elder Street, Edinburgh, under the pastoral care of the Revs. Dr. Innes and Jonathan Watson. He seems to have consulted no friends, and to have been influenced by no human being, but to have searched the Scriptures and judged for himself. He did not attract much notice in Elder Street church. For though he was not one of those whom John Foster describes as "moulded in the manufactory of custom, and sent forth like images of clay of kindred shape and varnish from a pottery—mere particles of a class, mere pieces and bits of the great

vulgar, or the small," as little was there any eccentricity or bold originality to draw the eyes of others to him. He was reserved and retiring in the extreme, deeming himself one of the lowliest of Christ's flock; and strangers did not see, under that unassuming exterior, how noble, pure, and even heroic a spirit burned. By a few of those, however, who attended the Sabbath morning prayer-meetings, at which he was regularly present, he was well known, and much esteemed for his earnest piety.

III.—STUDENT LIFE.

His conversion did not diminish his ardour as a student, but gave him a higher aim than he had before. "When I became a Christian," he says, "my love of study did not cease, nor did I think it my duty to try to extinguish it. I found I could not give over studying without making a sacrifice greater than that of parting with a right

hand or a right eye. Had such a sacrifice been necessary, I would have endeavoured to make it ; but I judged that a studious disposition, so far from being sinful, might be made useful in promoting the glory of God. But, then, if I studied, I was no longer, as a Christian, at liberty to have any other aim than God's glory ; so that I felt myself *necessitated*, as it were, to pursue the course that I have since followed." The desire of becoming a Christian missionary had already taken possession of his whole mind ; though, with a reticence which marked his strength, he *said* nothing about it. Indeed, almost the only thing that his friends can recollect, indicative of his purpose of offering himself as a missionary, was his admiration of the apostolic labours and self-denial of Dr. Judson, in Burmah. The desire is as common as conversions are ; but in his case it did not wither, but grew into a settled purpose. He revolved the subject calmly and prayerfully and chose his course. Lifted from the low level of earth, and

standing (to use an expression of Bacon) on the "vantage-ground of truth," he saw all earthly things from a new point of view, and great realities which had formerly lain beyond the range of his vision, now rose up before his soul in all their overpowering grandeur. Without saying a word to anybody, or soliciting a farthing of assistance, he entered the second classes of Latin and Greek, and the junior Mathematics, in Edinburgh College, in November, 1818. "To my surprise," says his pastor, Mr. Watson, "I met him one day in the street, in his holiday dress, with books under his arm. On inquiring what this meant, as he should have been at his daily labour, I found that he had entered himself at college, by means which he had laid aside from his weekly income during summer : but he hinted not then that he had a missionary life in view." After paying his class fees, and purchasing books, out of his scanty savings, he had enough left to support him only in a very humble way ; but he never thought of

complaining. He occupied a room in some third or fourth story in the New Town—not very fashionable, certainly, but snug, comfortable, and convenient for study ; and his bed “ had a great deal of good sleep in it.” Though he had the full benefit of class-attendance, and made as much progress as probably the average number of students, he won no college distinction in Edinburgh, as indeed could not have been expected.

At the close of the session he returned to his chisel in high spirits, to recruit his finances, and prepare for another winter's campaign. His sister went to Edinburgh by invitation to visit him ; but found him ill and in bed. By over-exertion he had hurt his side ; and the doctor had forbidden him to work for at least a month. He was considerably dispirited ; not so much on account of his health, as from fear lest he should be unable to return to college next winter. In consequence of this illness, his father induced him to come to St. Andrews, where he could employ himself at his trade during the

summer months, and attend the university in winter, at less expense, and with more comfort to himself—through living in his father's house.

The University of St. Andrews, the oldest in Scotland, consists of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, and St. Mary's College, which is devoted exclusively to theology. The number of students attending this university is comparatively small, seldom exceeding two hundred. It has always had the honour to number in its staff of Professors some able and distinguished men ; and to send forth not a few alumni, who have afterwards won a high place for themselves. The smallness of the attendance puts it in a Professor's power to work his class much more thoroughly. The number of students is sufficiently large to insure keen competition ; and yet not too large to be unmanageable. As a place of honest and thorough work, it is, perhaps, inferior to none of our Scottish universities. Mr. Mackay enrolled himself as a student here, in November, 1849.

There was nothing to make the two sessions he spent in St. Andrews remarkable. He attended the classes of Logic under Professor Spalding; Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, under Professor Ferrier; and Hebrew, under Professor Mitchell; all of whom speak of him in the warmest manner. His fellow-students all liked him; and his modesty, sedateness, and earnestness of character, impressed them favourably. Though he does not seem to have been regarded as a young man of genius, or, perhaps, even of commanding abilities, his mental pith and the fine balance of his mind were recognised by all; and he worked hard and conscientiously, and won a high place among his fellow-students. "He showed no interest," one of them says, "either in the light talk of young men or in public affairs (the revolutionary stir throughout Europe had not subsided); he wished always to speak either about religious questions or about the business of the classes; and I never knew but one other young man whose mind was so fully

occupied with serious and religious thoughts." To those in the inner circle of his friendship, there was, along with all this sobriety and sedateness, a most genial nature: cheerfulness did not seem to him inconsistent with the character of a Christian; he could relish a bit of fun as well as most people; could laugh a clear, ringing, honest laugh; and showed a playful humour and keen penetration into character, which few mere acquaintances would have suspected him of. The humour peeps out frequently in his letters. For example, after describing how he lost his box by railway, and found it at the end of his journey, leaving him an actual gainer to the extent of a shilling, he adds:—"But I would not recommend any person to lose his box for the sake of a shilling." And when bidding farewell to his parents and sister, on the eve of sailing for India, he describes his cabin-room and its furniture, and then says:—"I suppose I shall have to make my own bed. I dare say you would like to see me *the first time*." And to a friend, of the birth

of whose first-born he had just heard, he writes:—"You say in your letter, '*you know my daily life*:' I am not very sure that I do: I have not seen you yet dandling little Tommy on your knee."* Those who knew him most intimately rated his abilities the highest. That early friend to whom I have already referred, says, of his college days in St. Andrews, in words which are, perhaps, coloured somewhat by his generous feelings:

* A fellow-student at Horton adds these characteristic illustrations of the same quality:—"In a letter from Delhi, Mackay remarks that his sister is sorry that he has left Agra; and silyly says, this is because she thinks Delhi is farther from Cashmere, so that she fears she may miss her shawl. We had a better illustration still at college. Mackay had to read an essay on the Noachic Covenant. In doing so, the permission to eat animal food came up. He set himself with all his logic to prove that animal food was never designed for man, and came out a thorough-going vegetarian. At dinner we watched for his consistency: but when the Doctor came to him. 'Any meat, Mr. Mackay?' he, as before, replied, 'If you please, Doctor.' Amid the laugh which arose. Dr. Acworth said, 'Mr. Mackay, I am glad to find your practice better than your theory.' Mackay at once replied: 'Doctor, Horace advises a man, when he has written a work, to lay it by for seven years and then revise it: I intend to do so.'"

—“ The highest college distinction he obtained was from Professor Spalding, who of all professors living (or that ever lived, I fancy) has the faculty of extracting the largest possible amount of work from *all* his students. I have reason to believe that Mackay could have been *facile princeps* of Professor Spalding's class in the department of essay-writing, on topics of literature, and mental philosophy ; but he could not be induced by the hope of college distinction to write about uncongenial subjects, as one or two of them were. He preferred rather to spend his time perfecting his acquaintance with German and Italian, for which no praise was to be obtained, than to work for praise alone. He stood third on Professor Spalding's list of honours ; and the professor hinted pretty broadly, that if he had chosen he might have been first. I remember reading some of his essays for the logic class during the next summer (as I was to enter the logic class myself next session), as a sort of guide to me ; and remember admiring

the neat and graceful turns of his diction, the compactness of his expression, the happy adaptation of his similes, which were few, and never introduced for their own sake, as is common with young authors. I was a student at St. Andrews College with him, but in a class the year behind; and we both sat within the walls for which we had been cutting stones four years before (sometimes thinking, I dare say, how strange it was). I saw him often then, and had many good advices from him, principally, touching my studies. I never talked with him about religion as a personal matter. We knew by instinct, or I know not what, that we could not agree about it, and we shunned it, having each chosen that for which his conscience bore him witness that he could answer to God, the searcher of hearts. His fine religious nature had flowed away into what I thought a narrow channel; but I never told him so, or hinted it. I knew his convictions were most sincere; and if I had needed any evidence of this sincerity, I

should have found it in the fact, that by becoming a Baptist he had dashed his prospects as a Scottish student—prospects which (if he had continued a member of the Church of Scotland) would have been as fair as those of any student for the ministry in that Church. His second session in St. Andrews he attended Professor Ferrier, and pursued his studies in private, which were chiefly theological. I believe he attended Professor Mitchell's classes for Hebrew that winter also, and secured the friendship of that estimable theological professor. Mackay did not work hard for Professor Ferrier; but he took great delight in his lectures, and ever spoke in the warmest terms of the literary impulse he had derived from listening to the words of that philosophical and poetical genius. He said, what I have often heard said, that no lectures on abstract subjects could be more memorable than those of Professor Ferrier; the reading of them was so emphatic, and the composition so vivid and pointed, a pretty strong memory could

remember one from beginning to end, word for word in many passages, without the help of a note."

In his intercourse with the Baptist church under the pastoral care of Mr. Maclean, now of Birmingham, there was much mutual enjoyment. "Once," he used to say, "I would have been ashamed to be seen entering the chapel door; or to be thought to have anything to do with the despised sect of Baptists:" now he found the church a home. His religion was simple, manly, and all-pervading; quite free from cant, sentimentalism, and bigotry; not a wintry religion, glittering with cold brightness, whose ornaments are icicles and frost-work; but warm and genial, dependent on the sun, bursting into living beauty, as when

"The touch of Spring's dew-sandalled foot kindles the earth with flowers."

Plain people, who have forgotten his addresses and occasional sermons toward the

close of his stay in St. Andrews, remember the simplicity, fervour, and unaffected solemnity of his *prayers*.

Leaving the University of St. Andrews, he entered Horton College, one of the theological institutions of the Baptists. The Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., one of his tutors, gives the following account of his Horton life:—

“Mr. Mackay had just closed his probationary half-session at Horton College, Bradford, when I became one of its tutors in December, 1851. My introduction to him was at the committee meeting, when he came forward to be fully received as a student, with, I think, eight others; and to this moment the vivid impression remains of his modest unassuming demeanour, as well as of the intellect and force apparent in his countenance. Nor were these appearances belied. The honoured president of the college, Dr. Acworth, as well as the

successive examiners for each session, could attest that there never was a student who combined a greater docility with a greater earnestness, who worked harder or assumed less. His early toils and struggles are admirably told in the foregoing pages, and his college life was a fitting sequel. He has often expressed his exquisite sense of the ease and comfort with which he could pursue his studies at Horton, as compared with the anxieties of his Scottish student life ; expressing sometimes a fear lest he should find his position too easy, and thus become careless. In his case, however, there was no fear of this. The advantages of the English system, by which the churches provide for the sustentation and instruction of their future ministers, instead of leaving them to fight out the battle for themselves, were never more strikingly manifested. Not that Mackay could not have fought out the battle triumphantly had there been need ; for he valued the leisure and the freedom from care, only as they enabled him to work the

harder and the more continuously. He remained in the college for three years. A student's life, if diligently and conscientiously spent, cannot be eventful. All who knew the old college at Horton, will be able to conceive the daily routine :—the early summons to arise; the family order; the discipline, strict yet always genial and kind; the morning and evening seasons of devotion; the meal-times, with their various characteristics and humours; the ringing of the class bells at intervals through the forenoon; and the long, quiet evenings in the little dimly-lighted studies; with the mild weekly excitement of learning who were to go forth to preach on the following Lord's Day, and whither. The picture, however, to those unacquainted with the place, would have but little interest. Suffice it to say, that, perhaps, the calmest and, on the whole, the happiest and most successful portion of Mr. Mackay's life was spent there; that he was always diligent and earnest; and that, thanks to his early rigid self-discipline, he rapidly

rose above nearly all, if not all, his compeers ; undertaking, indeed, some studies which none of them attempted. Much of his success he owed to his steadiness of purpose. He tried no *experiments* ; neither lightly undertaking new subjects, nor abandoning any when once he had commenced. In his class-work he was entirely submissive and rigidly conscientious. Though better qualified than most students to choose what branches to attempt, and what to leave untried, he was far more reserved than most in expressing a preference. Indeed, it was sometimes too evident that one or another department of the assigned work was uncongenial, yet he plodded on. ‘He could not understand’ this ; ‘he did not see the use of’ that ; yet neither objection interfered with his diligence in preparing the assigned tasks, nor with the completeness of his mastery over them. He believed that the result would prove a compensation for whatever was irksome in the process ; nor was he often disappointed.

“What were his favourite studies it would be somewhat difficult to say, so completely was the proportion of his attention to each regulated by a sense of duty, and by a regard to the demands of his future work. With the Greek Testament he was intimately familiar; and every opportunity of extending his acquaintance with its language was eagerly welcomed. I well remember the ardour with which he commenced the study of the ‘Apostolical Fathers,’ and his disappointment in finding so little to reward his patient toil. In classic Greek, Thucydides was more to his taste than Plato. The difficulties of the former stimulated his analytic intellect; the difficulties of the latter only bewildered him. In all that he did, he loved to conquer difficulty; but he required to *see his way*.* Hence, the variety and picturesqueness of Homer were intensely

* “For the same reason,” one of his fellow-students and most intimate friends remarks, “he disliked Goethe’s *Faust*; preferring *Egmont*. He had read *Faust*, he said, and did not want to read it again.”

to his taste ; and he valued the order and perspicuity, far more than the fire, of Demosthenes. In Latin, he cared little for the poets ; regarding Horace, indeed, with a grave, moral aversion, perhaps not wholly warranted ; but he delighted in Tacitus, and his greatest triumph was over the gnarled and crabbed style of Tertullian. The classical examiners of the college will not have forgot the vigorous as well as faultlessly exact style in which he gave some passages from the ‘ Apologeticus,’ of that prodigiously clever, but ill-grained, father. In mathematics he excelled as much as he cared to excel, which, in truth, was not very greatly. Nor was it necessary to urge him to make the acquirements in this department which he might so easily have won : his mind was methodical enough already. Perhaps, indeed, his love for clearness and completeness rendered him less appreciative of some of those views of truth, on which the utmost we can attain is the glimpse of some far-off and infinite mystery. In the solemn twilight of Faith, his

cry was ever for knowledge, more knowledge! It always seemed to me that this somewhat cramped and *hardened* his theological views. Any belief entertained must be tested by the forms of logic, and submitted to the processes of the understanding, or it was naught. Finney's 'Lectures on Systematic Theology' was his favourite text-book. Mysticism, in all its forms, was his abhorrence. A touch of it, perhaps, might have made him wiser and greater. But it was impossible not to admire the simplicity and sincerity of his consecration. It is seldom, indeed, that so much evident reality and depth of Christian character is attained from the power, chiefly, of the sense of right. 'It is my business to preach the Gospel, and to that, every other employment must be subordinate,' was his resolution, adopted and followed out in a way that might be called matter-of-fact, were not the principle so intrinsically sublime, and the results, in his case, so largely marked by the heroic. On the rare occasions when he spoke of his inmost thoughts and

emotions, he would confess, as a sin characteristic of his unconverted state, and still too easily besetting him, that he was prone to value learning for its own sake. Against the temptations to a merely literary enthusiasm he strove and prayed. To labour and to learn, for the sake of a greater result, was his one ambition. Studies in which he had delighted, but which had only a remote bearing, or none at all, on the ministerial vocation, he laid aside. It was in vain that I urged him, once and again, to work for a degree. The impulses that might have led him to covet such distinction, he plainly regarded as among the things which he had 'left behind,' when he chose a nobler aim.

"One opportunity only was afforded me of hearing him preach. His topic was the Last Account, and I well remember the impression produced by the calm thoughtfulness of his manner. There was no excitement, little pathos; but the whole discourse was pervaded by so intense a reality, that his auditory could not but be riveted and

strongly moved. He could hardly be called original ; at least, he was so only in the sense of having himself thought out and personally apprehended all he said. Common-places he would utter, abundantly enough ; but he had attained them, not as most of us do, by inheritance, or passive reception ; he had worked his way to them, intelligently and independently, so that they came from his lips with the freshness of an individual conviction.*

“ Such was the character of all his thinking. In theology, he was for the most part orthodox, but independently so ; his creed had not been accepted entire and at once, but had been formed carefully, step by step. Here too he was perfectly fearless. On some points, chiefly of a metaphysical character, he deviated from ordinary views, and while never obtruding his peculiarities, he never shrunk from stating them. It never seemed to occur to him that he would be expected to adopt the entire system

* *Difficile est propriè communia dicere.*

of any sect. In allying himself to a Congregational church polity, he has said to me, he believed he was not only following Scripture, but attaining freedom. And free he was resolved to be. On the slaves of any formula he looked with a kind of puzzled pity, akin perhaps to contempt. Self-education and self-discipline had impressed the lesson that it was a serious matter to say, *I believe* anything; that the assertion must not be made lightly, nor without the capability to produce sufficient reason.

“As might be expected, his character took its tone from this thoughtful conscientiousness. What he believed he ought to do, he did, as a matter of course. On any question of duty, he deliberated seriously, generally alone; but when he announced that he had made up his mind, his decision was final. Of this mingling of strong self-reliance with a sense of duty as strong, the letter to his parents announcing his intention to become a missionary is a noteworthy illustration. I cannot tell whether

he were ever the subject of fierce and passionate mental conflicts : if so, they were silently waged ; and only their result was seen in the gentle calmness of a spirit unperturbed, because consciously true to duty and to God. And as he was, so he, too much perhaps, expected others to be. Faith, conscience, religion itself, he was too fond of resolving into intellectual processes. The work of the Holy Spirit was to *teach* men their condition and obligations ; when, as the necessary result, they would turn to God. A larger allowance for the disturbing forces of passion, and a deeper sympathy with the waywardness of the human heart, might have led him to distinguish between the ‘conviction’ impressed upon the emotional, and that upon the intellectual nature. I am not however to criticise Mr. Mackay’s opinions, but to exhibit his character.

“A fellow-student, who enjoyed his closest intimacy, writes :—‘There was a repose in his whole spirit, indicative of ripeness of character. Still, though he

was truly "serious, he had life enough at any time to dance us a Scotch reel, and did so more than once in the lecture-room. * * I never knew a man more completely emptied of *self* than he. If any one had to make a sacrifice, Mackay was always ready to do it. Never once did he claim any kind of precedence more than was absolutely required for the sake of order. * * His readiness to engage in efforts for the good of others was remarkable. I think I may say, he did more voluntary work of this kind than all the students I have known put together. I need only mention his weekly cottage-meetings. These he worked vigorously ; not only studying to render them interesting in the way in which they were conducted, but going to the homes of the people and "compelling them to come in." These meetings imparted to him a wonderful aptness for close familiar teaching. A friend, who frequently listened to him, said he never heard a man who, in a small homely meeting, could come to the

hearts of the people as Mackay could. In such gatherings his logic might be quite as busily employed as in larger assemblies; but it was not so *sensibly manifest*. From what little I know of the style of Mackay's speaking at such meetings, I should say it was much like that of the letter to his sister, inserted further on.

Another excellence, universally admitted, was his cleverness or tact in debate. There, if anywhere, he was at home. His coolness, shrewdness, logic, and humour all found free exercise here. If I mistake not, this was one of his chief qualifications as a missionary. His letters from Delhi afford some little proof of this. Had he lived a few years, he would have proved that he had great power in this direction. * * But no exposition of his character would be complete which did not include his *thoroughly pacific spirit*. His logic was absolutely without bitterness. He might refute, but did not seem to know what it was to exult over an adversary.

However hard, therefore, his hits, it was almost impossible to quarrel with him.'

"With such a nature, it will be evident that he would gain the tribute of universal esteem. Some few, admitted to his more private confidences, added to this a deep and warm affection. To the many he was reserved, his personal experiences being felt as too sacred for any but the ear of closest friendship. Nor did he lightly admit to intimacy, nor very readily seek that of others. Sometimes he appeared to me too severe a judge of character, and yet his judgment was never unkind. Of those who had aided his early struggles after knowledge he would speak with enthusiasm; especially (I remember), of Professor Ferrier, his obligations to whom he often gratefully owned. All indeed who came into contact with Mr. Mackay, must have felt they were quietly, yet keenly scrutinised. Yet, even in his occasional sallies of humour, he was never offensive, except to the pretentious or insincere, or to those whom he thought so. If he had sarcasm, it was for

characters like these. Ranking in attainment among the highest in the College, he was always kindly helpful, without ostentation, to those who sought his assistance. Nor was there in him the pedantry which characterises many of the self-taught, and which he too might have displayed, but for the resolution to make all his acquisitions tributary to a higher work. This work absorbed his best thoughts, and the resolution to consecrate himself to a missionary life, utterly unexpected as it was by his tutors and fellow-students, could not astonish them; for it was only in accordance with his single-hearted determination to devote himself to doing good wherever the most good was to be done.

“The sense of his worth, entertained by his companions in study, has been appropriately and affectionately shown, by the erection, in the New College, at Rawdon, of a richly-stained memorial window. The following inscription upon it sums up his life’s brief story :—‘ A MEMORIAL TO JOHN MACKAY : born at St.

Andrews, March, 1825 ; entered Horton College, August, 1851 ; departed for India, as Missionary, March, 1855 ; killed at Delhi, in the Mutiny, May, 1857. ' FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'

" In the centre are two emblematic representations, in panels, encircled with the symbols of the lotus, the palm, and the crown. One depicts a missionary preaching to a group of natives, and bears the inscription :—' I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.' The other represents a Mussulman, seated, reading by a tomb, with the motto :—' FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.' "

The following extracts from his Horton letters will give some idea of his spirit:—

" Horton College, 28th December, 1852.

" MY DEAR SISTER,

" I am glad to hear you express a concern for your eternal welfare. You say

they must be highly favoured who are sure of eternal happiness. Say rather, they must be highly favoured who have that happiness already begun in their hearts. It is possible for a person to feel sure of eternal happiness, and yet to be mistaken. It is quite possible for us to believe we are safe, when we are not. *To believe* that we are safe is no decided proof that we *are* safe : nevertheless, to believe we are not safe is a strong presumption that we are not safe, because it shows that we do not love God, and trust God. If we did truly love and trust God, how could we fear? how could we refrain from rejoicing in God even if we would? You seem to have some difficulty about believing. You have always believed in God and in Jesus Christ as the only way of salvation, you say ; and I have no doubt but you have. But it is one thing to believe that a person is, in the general, good and benevolent ; and another thing to avail ourselves of his goodness. The truth is, it is not believing *anything* about Jesus Christ that will save us ;

but believing *the right thing*. Well then, you will ask, What am I to believe about Jesus Christ? You must simply believe that you are a guilty creature, but that Jesus Christ, nevertheless, loved you with the tenderest love, and died to save you. Well, you will say, I have always believed this since I was able to know anything and understand anything. Now if you *do* believe, these three things must inevitably follow. First, you must love God in return; secondly, you must not be afraid of God; thirdly, you must desire to please God. You must love God in return; for how is it possible to believe that God is *so good*, and yet not love him? How is it possible to believe that he loves you so much, and yet be afraid of him? And how is it possible for you to love him, and yet not seek to please him? Now if you tell me you don't do these three things, then I must tell you, you don't believe about Jesus Christ what I have said you are to believe. You obviously don't *understand* what you imagine you believe. Suppose

you had offended one of your fellow-creatures. Suppose that person should love you, notwithstanding ; and should make extraordinary sacrifices on your account, could you help loving him ? could you be afraid of him ? or could you help testifying your gratitude by doing something to please him if you could ? No, you could not,—if you believed him to be such a person as I have described him. And the same will be the case with Jesus Christ, if you believe him to be what he is. Perhaps you will say, How then am I to believe in Jesus Christ so as to love him, to trust him, to seek to please him ? Now, my dear sister, I must tell you plainly I cannot teach you how to believe in Jesus Christ ; and I don't think any person in the wide world can. All I can do is to tell you as much about Jesus Christ as ought to make you believe in him, as ought to make you love him, as ought to make you seek to please him. But if you should, notwithstanding, do none of these things, I cannot help it ; I cannot teach you to believe ;

I cannot teach you to love. Suppose there was some person who I wished you to believe was good, and deserving of your love; and suppose you did not believe he was so, and consequently did not love him, you would never think of saying, *Teach me how to believe him to be good*, or, *Teach me how to love him*. All I could do would be to tell you what I know about the person, and make you well acquainted with his character; and if *that* would not excite belief and love, nothing else that I could do would. And just the same is it with believing in and loving Jesus Christ. All I can do is to give you all the information regarding him that I can; and if this does not excite your belief and your love, nothing else that I can do will. If, therefore, you would believe in Jesus Christ, that is, not simply believe that he is the Son of God and the Saviour of sinners in a general way, but that he loves you with the strongest love, and has your welfare sincerely at heart, and if you would love him in return you must seek to become

acquainted with his character by every means in your power. I would advise you to think less about believing in him than of loving him, just for this reason, that you cannot believe *by thinking about believing, but by thinking about Jesus Christ, and seeing him to be what he really is.* If you see Christ to be what he really is, and yourself to be what you really are, you cannot help believing then, even if you did not wish to believe. If you *love* Jesus Christ, then are you sure that you believe in him; for love cannot exist in the heart without faith. Perhaps you will still ask me, How am I to love Jesus Christ? I answer, Just in the way you would love any other person, by becoming acquainted with him, and learning how worthy he is of your affection. And to become acquainted with Jesus Christ, you must principally search the Scriptures; for, as he himself says, ‘These are they that testify of me.’ It matters not whether you are a Baptist or not; if you love Jesus Christ, that is everything: you are then safe. Per-

haps you will yet ask, How shall I know that I love Jesus Christ? To this I answer, By the same means that we know whether one person loves another. Suppose you were told that two persons with whom you are acquainted have a great affection for each other; and suppose you were to ask the person that told you, *How do you know that they love each other?* You would expect to be told there was *something in their conduct* that led the person to conclude that they loved each other. You would expect to be told that they loved to be in each other's society, and that they were very solicitous to please each other. And just the same is it with those who love Jesus Christ. They love to be in his society, and they love to please him, and they love to learn all they can about him. This disposition is not *equally strong* in all Christians; but unless, my dear sister, you have some proof from your conduct that you *have* this disposition, you are not justified in believing that you love Christ, you are not justified in believing that

you are a Christian indeed. But if you do possess this disposition, your mind may rest easy with regard to every other thing. You will be anxious about other matters, not because they are necessary to salvation, but because you know Jesus Christ wishes you to attend to them, and because you now wish to do all in your power to please him."

The following extract is from a letter to his sister, when cholera was threatening Bradford; a most beautiful example of tender, faithful, and true expostulation:—

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"It is dreadful to think that the angel of death is hovering around us, and ready perhaps at no distant day to lay thousands of those around us, and perhaps ourselves, prostrate with the dead. But it is still more dreadful to think of being summoned to appear before God when we are unprepared to meet that dread event. But

happy, inexpressibly happy, is the person who is able to say, '*I know that my Redeemer liveth,*' and who is prepared to meet him with joy, and not with fear. If we have no such feeling as this, there is reason (to say the very least) to fear that our hearts are not right in the sight of God, and that it becomes us with all diligence and with all haste to ascertain what is our true condition in reference to eternity. My dear sister, I feel that I have never spoken to you with sufficient seriousness concerning such a matter; and there is a weight upon my conscience on that account which I can no longer endure. Oh, what would I not have given when my dear brother died, if I could but have retained him for a few days, in order that I might have faithfully conversed with him concerning his immortal state, which I had so grossly neglected to do. I trust that he is now a glorified and ransomed saint, but oh! the very thought that he may not be, and that it is owing to the carelessness and indifference of his unworthy brother, will

never cease to haunt my mind, and be my punishment so long as I remain on earth. And who knows how soon some more of us may be called hence? Oh, permit me, as one who can no longer afford to run the risk of having a like reflection to harass my mind, to ask you, with all tenderness and affection—What is your state before God? Depend upon it, my dear sister, this is not a question concerning which you should be satisfied with an uncertain and doubtful answer. If you do not know, you *ought* to know; and surely you cannot know too soon. Do you imagine that no one can know his state before God? If you do so, you are greatly mistaken; for how could the Gospel be glad tidings to any one if it told him he could not know whether he was going to hell or heaven? How could any one rejoice at such news as these? Nay, if the Gospel does not teach us to know our true state, it is not good tidings, but evil tidings; for it certainly teaches us our danger; it certainly teaches us there is a hell to which we are

exposed ; and, if it cannot give us any assurance that we are safe, it must certainly leave us more unhappy, more wretched, than it found us. You cannot rejoice in an uncertainty. The very idea is absurd. If you are not sure whether you are safe or not, it is a very strong presumption that you have some ground at least for alarm. It is clear you have not yet received the Gospel in the love of it. And why ? Because you would never think of saying a person had received glad tidings if he manifested no joy ; and his joy, if he did possess any, would be just in proportion to the strength of his belief that he was safe from danger. Do you then possess this joy ? Do not, I beseech you, put the question away from you. It is an important one ; and you know not how short may be the time allotted you to answer it. I must close for the present ; and I do so, most earnestly praying that God may lead your mind into truth, and enable you to see, and to rejoice in, Jesus Christ as your Saviour."

During his college vacations he was employed in preaching. Judging from the testimony of devout and intelligent hearers, his preaching was of the kind that wears well. There was a quiet, dignified avoiding of the tricks of popularity. For one so young, there was in a large measure the sobriety of ripe age, and the skill of "commending himself by manifestation of the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God." His illustrations were simple and happy, and were never introduced for their own sake, but to elucidate the subject. There were no high flights of eloquence, and no striking originalities, but, throughout, good sense, manly simplicity, earnestness, and, at times, a disclosing of great depths of tenderness. His theological views were those commonly termed moderate Calvinism. "I believe," he says, "in the universal and entire depravity of man. I believe in God's eternal purposes and decrees in reference to the salvation of individuals. I believe in Christ's dying for all; but that his atone-

ment did not, considered by itself, *secure* the salvation of any—faith on the part of man, and pardon on the part of God, being still necessary. I believe in the special operation of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of sinners. And, with regard to other doctrines, my views are such as are generally entertained by evangelical Christians.” His preaching, however—while he tried to present divine truth in broad masses—was not marked by its hard doctrinal edge, but was largely a declaring to ruined and helpless sinners of the name of a living and almighty Saviour. Those on whose judgment one would feel disposed to rely do not seem to have expected him to become a brilliant or an original preacher, but, with perfect unanimity, a preacher with the most pure and unselfish aims; who could not trifle with immortal interests; able to present divine truth broadly, simply, and forcibly; speaking because he believed.

IV.—DEVOTEMENT AS A MISSIONARY.

While supplying the Baptist church at Arnsby, in the autumn of 1854, he offered himself to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society for service in any field they might appoint for him. He speaks of having been led to take this step at the particular time, being stirred by the associations of the place where Robert Hall had lived, and near which Fuller and Carey had resided. The missionary spirit had, however, been burning in his bosom, very steadily upon the whole, ever since he had entered Edinburgh College; though hitherto he had been restrained from coming to a final decision, "partly by a desire to trust to the leadings of Providence, and partly by a fear that his feelings in reference to missionary work were of too romantic a nature, and that they might be considerably changed when he came to take a more rational view of the matter." His sense of the Divine

mercy had kindled in his bosom tender compassion for the millions who "sit in darkness and in the region and shadow of death," and a profound conviction of his obligation to the Lord Jesus Christ; and, under the combined influence of these things, his offer of himself to the Committee was made. For his compassion was not of that sentimental kind, seen in so many, which exhausts itself in words and sighs, or in acts that cost them nothing; who, if they were in the situation of the Good Samaritan, would give sixpence to a collection in aid of the wounded man. with a great deal of sentimental pity, but who would not soil their fingers nor shock their nerves by binding up his gaping, red-lipped wounds. "Of late," he says, in a letter written at this time, "when the difficulty of getting missionaries has been spoken of in my presence, I have frequently been ashamed that thousands should be ready at any time to hazard their lives in pursuit of vile riches, while so few are willing to do as much for the sake of Christ." And, after

referring to the prospect of being settled in England, he adds: "I feel that I should be doing violence to my conscience by occupying a quiet sphere at home, while the pressing demand for missionaries still remained unanswered." The spirit is the same which gleams out in the words of that wonderful man, Francis Xavier (wonderful, notwithstanding the mediocrity of his intellect and the errors of his faith), who, when told of the perils of the Eastern Archipelago, to which he was about to expose himself, replied: "If these islands had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would have courage enough to go thither, nor would all the perils in the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed, because there are only souls of men to be gained. And shall Love be less hardy and less generous than Avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison. It is an honour to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire: but this I dare to say, that whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it

ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul."

In the following letter he announces his purpose to his parents :—

" Arnsby, Aug. 29th, 1554.

" MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

" I received Isabella's letter, and was happy to hear that you continue to enjoy your usual health. Since coming to Arnsby, I have enjoyed good health and comfort. Hitherto my journey through life, although not perhaps the very smoothest, nor what the world would call very successful, has yet, I trust, been profitable, and that in the best sense of the term. It has taught me that we have here no continuing city ; that human life is a shadow ; and that the best of earthly blessings are but vanity. It has taught me, too, that many of those dispensations of Providence which, for the present, may seem only grievous, are yet designed for good by Him who works all

things well. On a retrospect of my life, I could scarcely wish anything changed, with the exception of my own sinfulness, and the trouble which I have frequently cost my friends. My greatest regret is that I have lived so little for God's glory ; for of this I am well assured, that true happiness here, as well as hereafter, can be found in nothing else. This has made me more than ever resolve to do what I esteem to be my duty, and leave the consequences in the hands of God. 'For none of us,' says the apostle, 'liveth unto himself ; and no man dieth unto himself : whether, therefore, we live or die, we are the Lord's.'

"My dear parents, I do not know whether what I am going to tell you will cause you joy or grief. I know which it ought to do ; for surely nothing ought to cause greater joy to parents than to see their children consecrating themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot believe, therefore, that you will be grieved when I tell you that I have lately made up my mind to be a mis-

sionary. This is a subject which has long occupied my mind ; and the circumstances in which I am now placed have brought me to a decision. I know that my mother is naturally afraid of my going abroad ; and she may think that if I should go, for example, to India, I shall be at an immense distance from her. Now, if she should be afraid on this account, the cause of her fear is more imaginary than real. Settle where I will, I must be at a distance from her ; and now the transit from one country to another is so easy and so rapid, through railways and steam navigation, that I shall scarcely be much farther from her in India than in England. I know she is frightened at the sea ; but I believe there is very little, if any, more danger there than on land. Not one of our missionaries, I believe, has lost his life in going to India. And, besides, we are not exposed there to one-tenth of the dangers to which multitudes voluntarily expose themselves in quest of riches. And surely we ought to be ashamed if we are

not prepared to do as much for Christ, as no one would scruple to do if he expected to make his fortune. India is a place almost as civilised as our own country ; and the climate, I think, will suit my constitution as well as this country.

“I feel assured, therefore, that you will not be sorry at this step. One of our students, who left Horton College since I came, and went to India, is doing remarkably well, and enjoys quite as good health as ever he did in this country. I hope you will write soon, and let me know your mind.”

Having been accepted by the Committee as a missionary for India, he thus replies to a letter from his parents :—

“Arnsby, Oct. 7th, 1854.

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

“I received your kind letter, and should have written you before this time if I had not been so busily engaged. You seem to think that my resolution to become a missionary may have arisen from

a fear that I should not be comfortably settled in England. I can assure you it has arisen from nothing of the kind. If there is any fear of being uncomfortable [in England], it arises from the fear of spending a useless, or nearly useless, life. Money, or even bodily comfort, is no object with me, farther than as they may enable me to be useful to others, and to promote Christ's cause in the world ; and so far from choosing to become a missionary because I foresaw that I should not be successful at home, the more successful as a preacher I have the prospect of being, only makes the duty of consecrating myself to the missionary cause the more imperative. It appears to me that we have plenty of preachers at home, and more than plenty. A few could be spared, not only without any loss to religion at home, but with very great benefit, provided they were sent where their services were more required. It would make those who are left behind more devoted ; and it is not numbers, but devotedness, that must con-

vert the souls of men. Besides, Christ has expressly commanded his Church to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. It is the duty, therefore, of *some* to go into all the world. But you will, perhaps, ask, Why should *you* go, any more than others? If you can be useful at home, why should you leave your native country, and all your relatives and friends, and go to live in a distant land, where you may be exposed to many hardships and dangers? My dear parents, you can easily perceive that if every one were to reason in this way, *none* would go to the heathen, and the command of Christ would remain unfulfilled. It is true that I am no more bound to go than others, unless it be that I believe it my duty, while others may not; and, then, as the Scripture says, 'To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.' But we have nothing to do with how others act, when we wish to find out how we should act ourselves; neither is it our duty to remain where we

are simply useful, and shrink from engaging in a more important enterprise, because it will subject us to some sacrifice. This is not duty at all ; it is selfishness. Our duty is to do what we believe will most promote God's glory. 'For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself,' says the apostle. He does not say that none *ought* to live to himself ; but he considers it as a matter perfectly well understood, that no Christian *does* live to himself. I do not know how others may feel, but I could not regard myself as a Christian were I persuaded that I was living to myself.

"My dear parents, since I wrote you last I have been in London, where I appeared before the Missionary Committee, and was accepted as a missionary. You will, perhaps, think this is a hasty step ; but it is a step on which I have long meditated, and I do trust that you will be enabled cheerfully to make the small sacrifice which you will be required to make in giving a son for so good a cause."

After being accepted by the Committee, he spent some months in London, in a course of preparatory study. The following note belongs to this period.

“ *London, Jan. 2nd, 1855.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ You have, perhaps, been expecting to hear from me before this time, and I have been waiting until something should occur which might justify me in writing a letter. In this, however, I have been disappointed; for since I saw you last, my life, I may say, has been an unruffled stream. With two exceptions, I have preached every Lord's Day since I left Arnsby, and my time during the week has been devoted to the learning of *Hindustani*. Nothing particular is yet known concerning the time of my departure from this country. Probably it will not be before the month of April. Until then, my time will be spent very much as hitherto.

“ I have two companions in study, Mr.

Evans and Mr. Sampson ; the former of whom lodges in the same house with me. They are both very estimable young men, and, so far as I can judge, well qualified for the work to which they are desirous of devoting themselves. Mr. Evans has been two years over a church at Pontypool, in Wales, and has been married about eighteen months. He was very acceptable as a preacher, I understand ; and his church was very unwilling to part with him ; and, in taking the present step, he could have been actuated by nothing but the purest motives. Mr. Sampson, as you are perhaps aware, has just left the Baptist College at Bristol.

“ Two or three weeks ago, I had the happiness of meeting with Mr. Keen, formerly of Regent Street. He told me he had spent a week with you at Countesthorpe. You may be sure I was very glad to hear of your welfare, the more so as I had not seen any one who could give me any intelligence concerning you since I left. Mr. Keen is

now residing in London, and expects to continue here during the winter.

“I was very pleased to see that Mr. Evans has accepted your invitation. May the blessing of God attend his labours among you. But I was rather astonished to find, in the same magazine which announced Mr. Evans’s connection with Arnsby, my own name occupying so conspicuous a place. It was very pleasing to me to find such honourable notice taken of my services. I fervently hope that I shall not prove unworthy of the good opinion which you have formed of me.

“I hope you will soon let me hear of your prosperity ; that you are keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and that many additions are being made to the church. Give my Christian love to Mrs. Bassett, and to each member of your family, and to all the dear friends in and around Arnsby ; for it would be difficult to mention them all by name.”

“C. BASSETT, Esq.”

As the time of his departure approached, his fellow-students of Horton College met him to bid him *God speed*, and to express, by an appropriate gift, "their sincere attachment to him, and their high estimation of his character." With his brother missionaries, Messrs. Evans and Sampson, he was set apart, and solemnly commended to God, in Myrtle Street Chapel, Liverpool, on the 28th of February. Only a few days could be spared for a final visit to St. Andrews. He bade his beloved relatives and friends a cheerful and solemn farewell; and preached in the Baptist Chapel on the Lord's Day evening. In going abroad, it was with the conviction that he was obeying Christ's will, and that the enterprise in which he engaged should not be in vain; for that "in the ages to come, through the Spirit of the living God, every land shall know the joyful sound, and every grain of dust and every soul of man shall contribute to bring praise to the Redeemer's name." He sailed from Liverpool in the *William Carey* (in

which a free passage had been offered to the missionaries) on the 19th of March, his thirtieth birthday. Thus he bids farewell to his parents and sister, with tremulous anxiety for their immortal well-being:—"May the blessing of God be ever with you; and whatever may befall any or all of us, may we all at last meet in glory. For oh, it were a painful thought that while I should go to a distant land to preach the Gospel to those whom I have never seen, I should be separated for ever from some of those who are dear to me as my own life! Once more, my dear parents and my dear sister, farewell!"

Within a month from weighing anchor, death removed the beloved partner of one of the missionary band, giving them a foretaste of what awaited them in the service. They arrived at Calcutta on a Lord's Day, the 15th of July. After resting a full week with a private friend in Calcutta, Mr. Mackay proceeded on the voyage up the Ganges, and reached Agra on the 17th of August.

V.—MISSIONARY LIFE.

With his whole heart had he given himself to the work ; and those who knew him well thought they saw another, not unworthy of the association, added to that noble band, so numerous in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society, who, by their aptitude for acquiring foreign tongues, by their sincere and fervent piety, and by their heroic energy and perseverance, have done so much for Christ in India. Certainly, for some natural endowments, for a fine Christian spirit, for most unselfish and unquenchable devotion, and for the faculty of knowing how to do things, few could have been more fit for a missionary life. But God, who “doth not need either man’s work or his own gifts,” had another purpose respecting him, and his missionary career was destined to be very brief.

He spent a few months in Agra, diligently studying the *Hindi*, and learning to turn his

hand to missionary work. He writes home to his father and mother :—

“ *Agra, Sept. 3rd, 1855.*

“ DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

“ I am happy to say that I have, at length, arrived at my destination in the enjoyment of perfect health. Our passage up the Ganges was very pleasant on the whole. We visited several missionary stations on our way up the river, and felt interested in the appearance of the towns and the manners and customs of the people. But, however interesting and exciting the various objects might have been on another occasion, I can assure you I was very glad when I arrived at a place which I could once more call by the dear name of *home*. I shall be at Agra for at least two months, at the end of which period we expect a visit from Mr. Underhill, our secretary, who will decide whether I shall remain here, or occupy a station called Muttra, about thirty

miles farther up the country. You see that I have literally become a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth. But what are a few inconveniences to which we are exposed here, provided we at last reach in safety that heavenly country whither we ought all to be travelling? I am now more convinced than ever that happiness does not depend on outward circumstances, but on the state of the mind, especially in reference to another life. At the best, we have here no continuing city; but how pleasant is it to feel, amidst all the changes which we are called to endure in this world, that we are journeying to that eternal city whose builder and maker is God? May God, my dearest parents, grant that we may not only hope, but *feel and know*, that we are citizens of that better country, through faith in Him who has purchased our right to it with his own blood! Then shall we feel that worldly trials are but trifles, and that, befall us the worst that may, we are separated from each other only for a season, and shall

soon be reunited in an eternal and blissful union.

“At present I am quite comfortable in my lodging and all other matters. The weather is warm, but not disagreeably so. My health, as yet, has been as good as ever it was in Scotland. Indeed, if I had my choice, I don't know whether I should not prefer the climate of India to that of my native land. I think my mother's health would be very much improved here. Of course, we cannot perform manual labour as we do in England; but then we don't require to do so. The land here, and especially in the Presidency of Bengal, will produce, with comparatively little labour, as many as three crops a year. So that, while the climate renders great physical exertion impossible, the wisdom of God has provided that it should not be necessary.

“My dear parents, through a want of foresight, I am necessarily obliged to send you many letters without receiving one from you in return. I am afraid I shall be out

of all patience waiting for a letter from you before I get one. When you do get my address, you must write me frequently. It won't do to wait every time until you receive a letter from me ; but write whenever you have leisure."

To a friend in England he writes:—

"Agra, September 3rd, 1855.

DEAR SIR,

" Mr. Evans and I arrived here a fortnight ago, having come from Calcutta to Allahabad by steamer, and from Allahabad to Agra by dawk. My health, I am thankful to say, has been very good, both on the voyage from England and since arriving in India. The climate is not so formidable as I expected. I can scarcely say that I have felt disagreeably hot. My health has certainly been as good as it used to be in England. At present I am lodging with Mr. Jackson, and expect to continue to do so at least until the arrival of Mr. Underhill,

whom we expect here about the beginning of November, and who will have to decide where I am permanently to be settled.

“I am now studying the language under the superintendence of a moonshee, and hope soon to acquire a sufficient knowledge of it to make myself understood by the natives. Until then, my labours must necessarily be of a subordinate kind. I have occasionally attended Mr. Williams in his short preaching excursions in Agra and the neighbourhood, and have preached several times for Mr. Jackson. In European preaching, however, I intend to engage only when my assistance is really required, believing that it tends to distract the mind of a missionary from his proper work—native preaching.

“It would be premature for me to express any opinion regarding the state of the Mission, and the different plans pursued by missionaries for promoting the cause of the Gospel, which things I perceive from the report of the last May meetings are exciting

considerable attention. My impressions, both of men and of things, have changed considerably since I came to India, and are still changing. One conviction, however, has never changed, but all that I have observed has only tended to confirm it; namely, that the true secret of a missionary's success is his self-devotion. I agree, for the most part, with what Mr. Brock has said in reference to the preaching of the Gospel; but I believe, if other missionaries have not succeeded as well as Dr. Judson did, the difference of their success is not to be attributed so much to the difference in the *kind* of their labours as to the difference of spirit which they manifest. Send out a self-devoted, self-denying, self-sacrificing man—a man who is willing to submit to any inconvenience, to endure any bodily suffering and bodily labour provided he can bring souls to Christ, and you don't need to tell such a man what course he ought to pursue. He will soon find that out for himself, as Judson did, and better than any one else can; for surely no

one else can be so well qualified to judge what his particular circumstances require, and what he is capable of performing. It is not difficult for a man of ordinary judgment, if he possesses the right spirit, to find out how he can employ his particular talents so as to bring most glory to God."

"A self-devoted, self-denying, self-sacrificing man, willing to submit to any inconvenience, to endure any bodily suffering and bodily labour, provided he can bring souls to Christ,"—this was Mr. Mackay's conception, his earliest and his latest, of a Christian missionary. And we need to have it wrought anew in our minds that the same spirit and character are required not less in those who *sustain* missions. We need right men abroad; but quite as much do we need to be right ourselves at home. Only those of a kindred spirit with the missionary may be trusted to "hold the ropes" for him. There is a common notion that it does not matter *whence* money comes, if only it reaches the missionary exchequer. I, for one, believe

that it matters very much indeed. I cannot perceive the taint which the polluted hand has left on the gold; I cannot distinguish the gift of love from the offering of pride or niggardly avarice, as they lie together in the same box; but the Lord, who sat over against the treasury, can; and, while he accepts and blesses the one offering, he rejects the other; and we cannot look for him to use it, unless on the same principle on which he makes the wrath of man to praise him.

“Agra, Dec. 10th, 1855.

“MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, AND SISTER,

“Your long-looked-for letters came at last; and I was very glad to hear that you were well. I had some dreams about you, which my mother, I dare say, would have said foreboded no good; and, although I have very little of the element of superstition in my composition, yet in this distant land, and not having heard of you for so many months, I could not help feeling

very anxious about you. My own health, I am happy to say, has been exceedingly good hitherto: better, if possible, than it was even in England. My constitution appears to take very well with the climate, and my mother, I think, would quite luxuriate here. The weather for these last two months has been far superior to anything that I had previously seen. Clear sunny skies, the temperature neither too hot nor too cold, have prevailed during the whole of that time. And this weather we not only expect to have, but can calculate with confidence on having, for the next four months. During the six winter months, not above two or three showers of rain fall. The weather during the day is pleasingly warm, and at nights and mornings cold and chilly, but yet clear and beautiful. The moonlight nights are especially glorious. Conceive the finest moonlight night that ever you saw in Scotland, and conceive of a succession of such nights, without interruption, for the space of six or eight months,

and you can form some idea of the nights we have in India. If we only had the green hills and running streams of Scotland here, I should imagine myself to be in fairy-land itself. But the great drawback here is the extreme flatness of the country, and the absence of verdure. The trees are green the whole year, but during the dry season every other green thing withers away, with the exception of those fields and gardens which are watered by artificial means. Between two and three hundred miles from Agra are the Himalaya Mountains, the highest and most extensive range in the world; but for hundreds of miles in the centre of India not a hill worthy of the name is to be seen.

“I have not mingled very much with the natives yet, and can scarcely say how I shall like the native character. They are sunk in idolatry of course, but they are naturally acute and intelligent, and, so far as morality is concerned, would bear a comparison with a large portion of the population in the large cities of England and

Scotland. Mr. Leslie, of Calcutta, told me that, after the experience of many years' intercourse with the working classes of natives, he regarded them as much superior in mental acuteness to the same classes in England.

“My time is pretty much occupied in learning the language. I have preached in English on an average once a Sunday since coming out. I am lodging with Mr. Jackson yet, and find myself very comfortable. Mr. Underhill, the Secretary, from England (with Mrs. and Miss Underhill), has been in Agra for about a fortnight. It will depend upon his decision, after having examined the district, where my ultimate destination will be. I should not wonder if it be Delhi, a large city about a hundred and fifty miles farther up the Jumna, the river on which Agra is built.

“You want to know how it fared with my jam-pots. I am happy to tell you that my mother, after all, did not make so great a mistake. The large pot was jelly, but the

others were jam. One of them survived the voyage, and I had the pleasure of eating it in Agra. You want me to write you long letters, and to cross them. You know letter-writing was never my *forte*, and now I can assure you the time which I can spare for letter-writing is less than ever. Besides, the news which I could send you would not be very interesting, I am afraid.

“I have become a vegetarian. For three months I have eaten no animal food. I live chiefly on rice and potatoes, and bread of course. I believe the reason why many people enjoy so indifferent health in warm climates is because of their eating so much animal food, and drinking so much wine, and things of a like stimulating nature. The Hindoos, especially the higher castes, regard it as sinful to eat animal food, and consequently are in general vegetarians; and I think it quite possible that Europeans might learn a lesson from them in this particular. In warm climates people don't require to eat so much food as in cold ones,

and what they do eat should be of a more cooling nature. This I think is no more than common sense.

“You must write me very frequently, and I won’t ask you to write long letters. Let me know how you are, and as many other news as you like.”

“Agra, Feb. 9th, 1856.

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

“I received your letter of the 30th November, and was much gratified to hear of your continued good health. I am happy to say that my own continues remarkably good. I have now got pretty nearly over an Indian winter, and must say that for the last four or five months more delightful weather could scarcely have been desired. In the course of another month or six weeks the weather will be beginning to become warm again. I have much reason to be thankful that I have enjoyed such good health and been so comfortable since coming to India.

“ Mr. Underhill left us the 1st of January. Before doing so, it was arranged that Delhi should be my station—a large city about a hundred and fifty miles up the country ; and probably, before you receive this letter, I shall be living there. Delhi is a very old and a very celebrated city. It is at present, perhaps, the finest native city in India. The largest portion of the population are Mohammedans; and it is principally among these, rather than among idolaters, that my future labours will be. It is much more difficult dealing with the Mohammedans than with the Hindoos. They are a much more intelligent, spirited, civilised race than the Hindoos ; but then they are much more bigoted ; and, having possessed the government of the country before the arrival of the English, they are very proud, and can with difficulty brook the position which they now occupy. Within the last two or three days the state of Oude, a Mohammedan state, the borders of which are but a few miles distant from Agra, has been annexed

to the British empire. The Agra newspapers send round reports daily concerning the progress which is made towards a settlement with the king. There is no fear, however, of any disturbance. He is entirely at the mercy of the British. The reason for the annexation is, that he is a weak man, and has managed his affairs badly; and the British Government have kindly decided to ease him of the burden of government, and give him a retiring pension

e cannot, however, appreciate their kindness, refuses to abdicate, and threatens to go to England, and lay his case before the English Government. If he adopts this course, you will in all probability hear more about him. I fear the people of England, who have the reputation of being grossly ignorant of Indian affairs, will be at a loss to understand how their Government can go to war with Russia for trying to get a little power in Turkey, and yet can quietly annex large kingdoms to their own empire.

“I am busy with the language, but have not attempted to preach in it yet. I shall require to be thoroughly master of the Hindustani language before I preach in Delhi. Hindustani is the general and learned language which is spoken over all India; and the dialect of Delhi is the standard, just as that of Paris is for the French language.”

Delhi, the ancient capital of the Patan and Mogul empires, lies on a rocky ridge in the centre of a great plain, about a hundred and fifty miles north of Agra, and nearly a thousand from Calcutta. The approach from Agra is through a wilderness of ruins. Broken masonry, overgrown with weeds, and intermixed with jungle, with here a gilt dome, there an obelisk, and yonder a slender minaret, for miles upon miles. These are the ruins of the ancient city. The modern city, with a population of more than a hundred and fifty thousand, occupies a considerable extent of ground. Its walls,

constructed of great blocks of grey granite, with eleven gates, are upwards of five miles in length. It rests on the right bank of the Jumna, which is here a deep and broad river. It has some fine streets, and many noble buildings. The palace, according to Bishop Heber, far surpasses the Kremlin, and ranks next to Windsor as a kingly residence. The gardens, formed by Shah Jehan (though their original character is now lost), are said to have cost as much as a million sterling. There is a considerable trade in shawls, cotton-cloths, indigo, gold-work, and precious stones. Everything tells you that you are in the "gorgeous East." The population is largely Mohammedan, and it is a centre of Mohammedan influence and pride. The Gospel was first preached in Delhi by that honoured servant of Christ, Mr. Chamberlain, as far back as the year 1814; but the city did not become a missionary station till some years later. Then it was occupied by Mr. Thompson, in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society, for upwards of

thirty years. When he died, in 1850, the city was deprived of its only missionary, and remained unoccupied till the Propagation Society fixed on it as a station. To this city Mr. Mackay was now moved, with two native preachers to labour under him, —Silas, and Walayat Ali who fell in the massacre like one of the old martyrs.

Immediately on his arrival, he commenced his labours for the spiritual welfare of the people. A school was established; the streets and bazaars were daily visited for conversation or preaching; and the surrounding villages explored. He wisely judged that systematic and persevering labour within certain limits is likely, under God, to be more successful than desultory and unconnected efforts. From the very first he liked his work and his field of labour. "A noble field," he calls it; and adds, "I like the country, and the work to which I have been called; and have no longing to return to my native land. I feel that I am just in my right position, and my interest in the inhabi-

tants of this mighty empire has increased rather than diminished in proportion as I have become more intimately acquainted with them." His diligence as a student was equal to his energy as a worker. It was his ambition, not merely to be able to speak the languages, the Urdu and Hindi, so as to be understood by the people, but to use them with facility and power. I cannot speak of the fruit of his labours. Inquirers had begun to seek farther instruction; and future years may show that the immortal seed was effectually lodged in some hearts. His views of missionary work had not, of course, time to ripen. But the conviction deepened with time, that one of the prime requisites is thorough, self-sacrificing devotedness. He shared none of those romantic and extravagant expectations, which are too often nursed by platform orators at home, of astonishing results. He did not believe it necessary to have wonderful stories for those people who are ever crying out, *Startle us*; and who do not know that "the kingdom of God is as if

a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how." He thought he saw the wisdom of God in the manner in which the foundations of the Christian Church in India are being laid. He had entire faith in the triumph of the Gospel throughout India, and believed that through God's grace the people would make a very noble type of Christians. But, to his eye, the labour was to be great, and the progress for some time, probably, slow; and he thought he saw tendencies in the native mind, even after being brought under the influence of the Gospel, which it would require great wisdom to deal with, to flow away into monstrous errors and absurdities rivalling those of the Greek and Romish churches. The Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, in the annual report following his death, say:—"Though but young in the field, and his residence in Delhi brief, he had exhibited some of the finest traits of the missionary character. Vigorous

in action, he was prudent and wise in the adoption of plans. With great perseverance he had rapidly mastered the Urdu and Hindi, in which languages it was his duty to preach to the people. With devoted piety he had given himself to the work of the Lord; and if he now rests, as we think prematurely, from his labours, yet has he surely gained his Master's approval, as he had certainly won the affection and regard of all who knew his worth."

The following letters are after his settlement in Delhi :—

" Delhi, June 14th, 1856.

" MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

" I received your letter of the 31st of March, and was happy to hear of your continued welfare. I have been in Delhi now two months, and two months of the hottest weather in India. Out of doors it is like a furnace; and even within doors, after all our care in shutting out the air, the

thermometer sometimes rises to one hundred degrees. Still, I have enjoyed pretty good health.

“Delhi is the finest native city in India. It was the capital of India about sixty years ago, before it was conquered by the British. The emperor still resides in it, but he is destitute of all power. The Mohammedans are in many respects a superior race of men. So far as civilisation is concerned, they are not very much behind the people at home, but they are perfect bigots in matters of religion. Last month, being the month Ramazan, they fasted the whole month from sunrise to sunset. And it is not as in England, where a few will perform a religious duty, and the rest disregard it; their fasts are universally kept. Some of the more scrupulous will not even swallow their spittle. You will easily perceive how difficult it is to deal with a people among whom superstition prevails to such an extent. The Hindoos are much more simple-minded; and more good, I expect, will be accomplished

among them. I have got a school established since I came here, which now numbers from fifty to sixty boys. The people are tolerably well educated in their own way: many of them can read and write, and many understand two or three different languages. I am afraid, however, they would not please my father at all, for they are most extravagant in their compliments. For example, some time ago, the moonshee or teacher that I employed in Agra, wrote me a letter commencing: 'His Excellency, the reverend gentleman, guide of religion, fountain of knowledge, Lord Father Mackay, may prosperity attend him.' I send you the letter as a specimen of their writing, and I am not at all afraid of your revealing any secrets.

" You would like to know, no doubt, how I am getting on with regard to housekeeping. I am all alone in a large house, with a number of servants that I am almost unable to count, and equally unable to diminish. I have one to act as cook and housekeeper, a bearer who is somewhat equivalent to an

English housemaid, a sweeper who does all the dirty work, a man who takes charge of horse and buggy, another who cuts grass for the horse, a man who carries water, a man who washes my clothes, and two who pull the punkah, one by night, the other by day. You will wonder how so many people find work to do. That is what I wonder at myself; and yet you would find it a little difficult to get one to do what he considers the work of another. If any one were to attempt to break through that system which has so long prevailed, he would be looked upon with the same feelings that my father looks upon the inventors of machinery. There is this much can be said: their wages are very small, only three of them getting more than three rupees a month, or eighteen-pence a week, and this for their entire support. With such a host of servants, I have frequently thought, especially of late, 'I wish I had my mother here, I would not give her for the whole lot of them.' Give my kind regards to all friends as if named. Tell aunt Patterson, the musqui-

toes bite me frequently, but their bite has lost much of its venom."

"*Delhi, Sept. 12th, 1856.*

"MY DEAR SISTER,

* * * "I have been in Delhi now more than five months. My health has, on the whole, been very good. During the hot weather I was much troubled with boils, which are very prevalent in this country, but, as in England, are not considered dangerous. A few weeks ago I had a slight attack of fever, but I am thankful to say I soon recovered. The rainy season is very much like the weather that you have usually in Scotland. It does not rain incessantly, nor more frequently, perhaps, than it does in *your* country, on an average throughout the year; but when it does rain, it generally pours down in torrents. We have no '*growing showers*' here, that is to say, in your sense of the term; but most assuredly we have them in another sense. Before the rains commence,

the ground is parched up, and presents as few signs of vegetation as the sandy beach of St. Andrews ; but in one single week after the first shower falls, the ground becomes a meadow. The rainy season is now almost, if not altogether, over ; and the weather and country everywhere beautiful. There is a balminess about the air of which you can form no conception in Scotland. When out to-day, I got on the top of a small hillock—for we have nothing here deserving the name of hill—and the surrounding country, although level, yet being plentifully stocked with trees, was really delightful. I could not help thinking what a glorious country India might be if it possessed an enterprising Christian population. But the day, I am afraid, when that shall be, is yet distant. Much is undoubtedly being done, not only by the missionaries, but also by the Government, to enlighten and elevate the people ; but it takes a long time to eradicate those manners, habits, prejudices, and superstitions which have been the growth, not of centuries, but of thousands of years.

“I am not able to do much yet, on account of my deficiency in the language. Two languages I must acquire—the Urdu and the Hindi, and both are difficult to a European. French and German are nothing to acquire, compared with the languages of India. It is not simply the strangeness of the words; but their modes of thinking, and taking hold of ideas, are quite different.”

“*Muttra, Nov. 24th, 1856.*

“MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

“I was glad to learn, from the last letter I received from Isabella, that you had received one of my letters, which I supposed should have reached you before. I am glad to hear you continue to enjoy moderate health. Since I wrote last, my own has been tolerably good. The quantity of rain which has fallen this year in the Upper Provinces has been much larger than usual, and the consequence has been the increased prevalence of fevers. I have had two very

slight attacks myself. The fevers of this country, however, are attended with very little danger. Infectious fevers are scarcely known. The fever which is universally prevalent is what is called the marsh fever, which, as I told you before, is very much like a common English cold, and is regarded here with nearly as much indifference.

“ You will wonder why my letter is dated from Muttra. Last week I paid a visit to Mr. Jackson, of Agra, who is about to leave India and proceed to America. I am now on my way back to Delhi, and am lodging for a day or two at the house of Mr. Evans, who has been appointed to this station. In Delhi I find myself very comfortable. The people, in point of mere civilisation, are very little inferior to the people at home. Bodily comforts I enjoy in as great abundance as I could do at home. The greatest drawback is separation from my beloved friends. If I had you all here, I could almost forget that Scotland was my native land. The weather has again become

very beautiful and pleasing—rather cold than otherwise. The natives here dislike the cold season, and suffer more from it than from the hot weather. I have not been able to do much missionary work yet. I can address the people a little in the native language, and hope soon to be able to do so with fluency. The work of a missionary in this country is one which requires no ordinary amount of self-denial and perseverance. Even to understand the people is no easy matter. They are not deficient in mind, but their moral principles are entirely perverted. Things which we regard as trifling or indifferent, they regard as heinous sins ; and what we regard as heinous sins, they regard as trifles. To kill a cow, or insult a Brahmin, they consider as sins of the deepest dye ; but lying and stealing are practised without compunction. Hence it is so difficult to reach their consciences and make them feel their guilt. It is only gradually that even the perception of true virtue and vice can be instilled into their minds.

“I hope that Isabella will write me once a month as she has promised. I hope you will always keep yourselves easy on my account. If I do not write you frequently, you may rest assured it is because I am either very busy, or have nothing particular to say.”

“ Delhi, Jan. 25th, 1857.

“DEAR SIR,

“I arrived here on the 27th of March, 1856, and from that time have endeavoured, according to the best of my ability, to discharge the duties which have devolved upon me in this locality. Delhi, as is well known, was long the capital of the Mogul empire, and still continues to be the centre of Mohammedan influence in India; and yet, strictly speaking, it is not a Mohammedan city. A large majority of the inhabitants are still Hindus. In our Missionary School there are four Hindus for one Mussulman; and I believe very nearly the same proportion exists in the Church Missionary School,

and also in the Government College. It is rather a striking fact, however, that the Hindus, though regarded as inferior in point of energy and intelligence to the Mohammedans, are much more desirous of obtaining education. The proud Mohammedan, long accustomed to rule the country, can ill brook the British sway; and it is only by slow degrees that he can be brought to admit the excellence of anything English. Hence it is not only the religious, but the national prejudices of the people against which we have to contend.

“Hitherto I have endeavoured to give an equal share of my attention to each of those two great classes into which the population is divided, not knowing in what quarter God may be pleased to command his blessing. But I have found it difficult, not to say perplexing, to accommodate myself to two classes of people as distinct from each other in feelings, habits, prejudices, and even language, as if they constituted two separate nations. In preaching we are constantly

obliged to turn from the Urdu to the Hindi, and from the Hindi to the Urdu, according to the respective classes which we address. Sometimes, after discussing with the Moham-medans, the Hindus will ask us to explain to them in Hindi what we have been talking about. And this, you may easily conceive, is very perplexing to one who has acquired only a very imperfect knowledge of these really difficult languages.

“As might be expected, the great drawback to the success of a young missionary is his ignorance of the language and habits of the people among whom he labours. It is not, indeed, difficult to acquire a knowledge of the language sufficient to enable him to speak to the people, and even to make himself understood; but it is very difficult to enter into their feelings, to anticipate their prejudices, and to wield their language with power and energy, without which little can be accomplished amongst a people remarkable alike for the acuteness of their understandings, and the inveteracy of their preju-

dices. It is much more difficult to argue with the Mohammedans than with the Hindus. Amongst the former, the more intelligent are well acquainted with the arguments used by Unitarians at home; and, although ignorant of the general contents of our Scriptures, exhibit an acquaintance with most of those difficult passages which have a reference to the Trinity. Doubtless it is much better to avoid the discussion of such questions, and adhere to the simple preaching of the Gospel. But this is not always possible. Some of them display considerable skill in the Socratical mode of disputation, viz., by question and answer; and by this means sometimes lead us into a subtle and profitless discussion before we are aware.

“Take a single example. Some time ago a Mohammedan came to me, and in a very simple manner put the question, Does God know all things? Of course I was bound to answer, Yes. And is Jesus Christ God? Yes, I again replied. Then Jesus Christ must know all things? As I did not know

what the man was driving at, I again answered, with some hesitation, Yes. Upon which, with an air of triumph, he quoted Mark xiii. 32, 'But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.' Of course, if I had known the man's object, I could have qualified my answers to his questions in such a way that it would have baffled him to reach the conclusion at which he was aiming. Hence the necessity that a missionary should be well acquainted with the opinions entertained by his opponents, and the various objections they are likely to employ, if it were for no other purpose than to know how to avoid them successfully.

"Our friends at home can with difficulty conceive the kind of people with whom we have to deal. It is not a number of rude and savage men, who are overawed with the consciousness of their own inferiority, and extend to us a deference which no one can withhold, if he would, from superior in-

telligence. But the people among whom we labour are civilised and refined even to extravagance. They are not only a people whose understandings have been perverted, and moral perceptions blunted, to such a degree that we can with difficulty find a foundation in their minds on which we can rear the superstructure of truth; but whose self-conceit is such that they believe themselves to be our superiors in most things, and with difficulty acknowledge their inferiority in anything but *bravery*. We were told some time ago by a Maulvi, or Moham-medan doctor, that the stupid people of this country are equal in natural capacity to the acute and intelligent in England. Our friends in England will smile at the idea, but the assertion is not made altogether without any reason. It is a startling fact, that the descendants of Europeans in this country are unable to compete with the natives, when placed side by side with them in our schools and colleges.

“These remarks apply more particularly

to the *city* of Delhi. In the villages and outskirts the people are much more simple in their disposition, and manifest a pleasing readiness to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. So different, indeed, is the reception which we meet with in Delhi from that which we meet with in the surrounding villages, that it has been a serious question with me, whether I ought not to devote my attention almost exclusively to the villages. Everywhere in the villages we meet with a cordial welcome, and a disposition to cavil is very seldom manifested. On one occasion we visited Shadrah, a large and populous village, or rather town, about six miles from Delhi, and, after having spent some time talking and disputing with the people in the bazaar, we were about to return home, when we were surrounded by a number of persons belonging to the *Chumar* caste, who earnestly invited us to come and address them. 'We are poor people,' they said, 'and won't cavil and dispute with you like those in the bazaar. We want to hear you preach to us.' We

told them we had already spent some hours in the bazaar, and that it was now time for us to be going home; but we should come another day soon, and address them. But this they would not listen to, and some of them actually prostrated themselves upon the ground, and offered to kiss our feet to get us to stay. Of course we should have been unworthy followers of Him who sat at the well of Samaria, refusing to partake of the food which had been brought him till his Father's work was performed, if we had resisted such an appeal as this; though it cost us the loss of our breakfast.

“But, however pleasing such an incident may be, we must not conclude, as those who are unacquainted with the people might, that they are fully ready to embrace the Gospel. They are accustomed to worship their own *gurus*, and, as we are the *gurus* of the ‘*raja log*’ or ‘king people,’ they think we must be worthy of very great deference. The cordiality with which we are received by persons of low caste arises as much, per-

haps, from the pleasure which those feel on being treated with kindness and respect, who have been accustomed only to endure the contempt and neglect of their own countrymen, as from any interest which they take in our religion. And hence we are very apt to be deceived by appearances. In a little village, called Pahar Ganj, about a mile from Delhi, our native preacher, Walayat Ali, had apparently succeeded in producing a favourable impression on the minds of some persons belonging to the *Chumar*, or shoemaker caste, who are held in great contempt by natives of the higher castes—so much so that they would consider themselves as polluted if they should accidentally touch them; and I was hopeful that, as in the days of our Lord the poor heard him gladly, so might the Gospel be more readily received now by these poor despised *Chumars* than by the proud, self-righteous Brahmins. But after repeatedly visiting them, and endeavouring to instruct them, I found that they were making very little progress; and it occurred

to me that, by establishing a school in which both children and adults might be taught, we should be brought into closer connection with the people, and our labours be facilitated in various ways. Accordingly I got a room fitted up, and a teacher appointed; and, as I was resolved that the school be established on right principles, I made it a rule that all should be admitted, irrespective of caste. But, although the people seemed very much pleased when informed of our proposal to establish a school amongst them, yet when it actually was established none of them would send their children. The higher caste natives would not send their children unless we excluded *Chumars*; and the *Chumars* would not send their children lest we should kidnap them and send them to Calcutta or England. With so little confidence in our good intentions had we succeeded in inspiring them, notwithstanding all our efforts.

“In Delhi I was led to establish a school, a short time after my arrival, which, so far

as numbers are concerned, soon became flourishing, more so than I even wished; for I found that to keep it in a proper state of efficiency would consume more time than I was willing to bestow on such an object. It is, however, a pleasing indication of the change which is taking place in the minds of the people, that twenty years ago missionaries paid for boys to come to school, and could not get them, and now we exact a fee, and get more than we want.

“I have not yet been cheered with any conversions. Many have come professedly as religious inquirers, some as candidates for baptism; but I have generally found that the true object of their inquiry was, how to better their worldly condition. Consequently, when they find no worldly hopes are held out to them, they generally cease to visit us.

“Our English church is small, and likewise the general attendance, nor can we entertain much hope of a large increase in a city where so few Europeans reside.

“On the whole we may say, we have

many difficulties to contend with, and little appreciable success to cheer us; but yet we never think of despairing. With a noble cause to advocate, with millions of intelligent minds to operate upon, and, above all, with the imperishable promises of Divine assistance, we cannot but feel that, if we do not ultimately and speedily triumph, the blame must rest with the unfaithful workmen.

“REV. F. TRESTRAIL.”

A few months after the date of the last-quoted letter, the mutiny broke out: coming, after all premonitory warnings, “like a flash of lightning.” The heathenism which we had armed and trained for war, and which we fancied we could control and use as we do electricity or steam, rose against us, and showed itself as false, and cruel, and bloody as the heathenism of the first ages of Christianity. Till this generation pass away it will not be forgotten how, when the tidings of the massacre came home, there was one start of horror through the land, and one

fearful shriek that rushed up and struck the heavens. Delhi became speedily the centre of the revolt ; a native king was proclaimed ; the green flag was unfurled—the emblem of holy warfare ; and hither flocked the armed mutineers by tens of thousands. For some time there was no certain information respecting Mr. Mackay's fate. Though he had gone down out of our sight, and the red wave had closed over his head, it was still hoped that he might re-appear. But the fact of his death was soon put beyond doubt. Though no further particulars could be gleaned, it was ascertained that with a number of others he had taken refuge in a neighbouring house, in the cellar of which they had defended themselves several days against a mob of people and soldiery, and it was supposed that they had perished in the ruins. Mr. George Pearce, who visited Delhi after the suppression of the mutiny, and made special inquiry respecting Mr. Mackay, collected all the particulars that are likely to be ever known. The house was that of Mr. Aldwell, in the neigh-

bourhood of Mr. Mackay's residence, and standing just against the city wall. The marks of grapeshot are still visible on it. Thirty-two persons in all, men, women, and children, had taken refuge here (only eight being men), with what arms and ammunition they could collect. Mr. Mackay, as a missionary, was stationed in the back room of the house, for the sake of the women and children, while the others handled the arms. Mr. Aldwell and one of his sons, hopeless of keeping up a lengthened defence, made their escape over the city wall, and arrived safely in Meerut. The whole party might have escaped in the same manner; but seem to have been unwilling to encounter the risk, expecting the speedy arrival of English troops. The assailants, finding they could not overpower the small party, after a few days had recourse to treachery. A jemadar, or captain of the king's guard, known to most of them, presented himself with a message from the king, promising them their lives and his protection if they would surrender without

more fighting. Their ammunition was exhausted; they had no food, and not a drop of water for the children; so they were induced to give themselves up. Instead of taking them to a place of safety, the jemadar conducted them to some neighbouring sheds where artillery bullocks were kept, and, placing them in a row, had them shot down without sparing a soul.

The early friend of Mr. Mackay, whose words I have quoted twice or thrice already, says:—"In his summer vacations (from Horton College), he returned twice to St. Andrews, and when there I saw him often. He was never elated, and never dull. I never saw him angry, or depressed, or excited about anything. Sometimes he laughed a sunny, radiant, but not riotous laugh. I heard but twice from him after his last visit to St. Andrews, during his summer vacation. We were both busy, and both bad correspondents I dare say. I wrote last, but it was a brief note of thanks for a book

he had sent me, not worthy of an answer. Before he left as a missionary, I had begun to study law, and been very much absorbed by that profession; but I often thought of him, and purposed to write to him. I delayed too long—too long, alas! It was upwards of three years before, that he had resolved to go to India as a missionary; and his great readiness in learning languages promised for him a useful and distinguished career in the East. I was surprised to hear of that resolution, for I had known him long and intimately, yet he never mentioned to me that he should like to go forth as a missionary; and I could only remember, in reference to that matter, that he had once talked to me of being moved in an extraordinary way by a public speech of Dr. Duff, the last time that famous missionary was in St. Andrews. I should certainly have protested against his wasting his life upon unteachable barbarians, when he could have done so much at home among those who are teachable; but it was the will of the Supreme

Disposer that he should go. He returned to St. Andrews to say "Farewell" to his kind father, mother, and sister, before leaving for India; and he died in Delhi in the mutiny, it is supposed, among the ruins of a battered cellar, at the hands of savages, for whose temporal and eternal welfare he had left his home and country. It was long before I could believe that, even in Delhi, some kind Hindoo might not be found to shelter from death one so amiable and gentle. There is no hope for time; and in it I do not expect again to meet one more unassuming; more fond of knowledge, and capable of acquiring it; more purely virtuous; more self-denying; more Christian in all his ways; and long as memory lasts for me, when I summon up in fancy those whom I have loved and admired, then shall come among them the slight, auburn-haired, pensive-looking, mild, brown-eyed figure of him who sympathised, and speculated, and struggled with me in youth."

Such is the story of John Mackay's short life, seemingly incomplete, broken off, defeated in its purposes. For a brief period his light shone with mild and lovely radiance, and suddenly was quenched. It was not without God's permission, who knows how to shield the lamps he has lighted, when they are in danger of being blown out by the gusty night. It is another instance, added to many (which we often deplore very faithlessly), of a servant of Christ being cut off just when a career of usefulness seems to be opening. The reaper is brought with his sickle to the field, and, ere he has gathered a sheaf, the Lord of the harvest calls him home. Too early he died for earthly fame.

“Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been.”

But “his witness is in heaven, and his record is on high.” As it was, he fought a good fight, and endured some “hardness” as

a soldier of Jesus Christ. How far he fulfilled his appointed service is known to his Captain; and is no matter of ours. Though not personally acquainted with him, I have learned, in writing the foregoing pages, to love him. To my eye he images himself as one of the most simple-minded, self-reliant, quietly-brave, and true-hearted of men; *faithful* in the broad sense of that word; profoundly loyal to Christ; a stern hater of cant, and sham, and policy, and selfishness; with no faculty of display, and not caring to say polite nothings; as little plastic to mere pressure as a knot of granite; with nerves for encountering slow pain; not over-attractive, perhaps, to those persons who like a comfortable religion, who are for no Hills of Difficulty or Valleys of Death-Shadow in the way to the Celestial City, and who, to the armour of olden heroes, with its "glorious dints," prefer the soft clothing of them that are in kings' houses. I have not lingered nor moralised over the story, nor tried to embellish it. To Christian young men especially

it speaks; rebuking much, and summoning to lofty and unselfish endeavour. It is a sweeter thing to do good than to enjoy ease and pleasure; a more satisfying thing to "win souls" than to build up a fortune; a nobler thing to suffer for Christ than to acquire world's renown. The honour is one you might well covet,—to be permitted to take any part, however humble, in the great work of evangelising the world. For him who has fallen, may many "offer themselves willingly," that the army of the King of saints may be "like the dew from the womb of the morning." To Christian parents, too, appeal is made,—not to hinder or discourage their children who would devote themselves as Christian missionaries, but rather to yield them up with free hearts, remembering those words which abide for ever, "*He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me.*"

